

The Enterprise.

VOL. 8.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1902.

NO. 8.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.	
6:02 A. M. Daily.	
7:26 A. M. Daily except Sunday.	
9:26 A. M. Daily.	
12:48 P. M. Daily.	
4:53 P. M. Daily.	
5:54 P. M. Daily.	
6:56 P. M. Daily.	
9:11 P. M. Daily.	
SOUTH.	
12:20 A. M. Daily.	
6:45 A. M. Daily.	
7:33 A. M. Daily.	
12:10 P. M. Daily.	
2:35 P. M. Daily.	
7:03 P. M. Daily.	

S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R.

The headway of the San Mateo cars between the Centerville and Thirtieth St. and San Jose Ave. is twelve minutes, with the exception of Sundays and holidays, when the headway is arranged to suit the travel.

POST OFFICE.

Post office open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Sundays, 9:30 to 1:30 a. m. Money order office open 7 a. m. to 6:30 p. m.

MAILS ARRIVE.

From the North.	A. M.	P. M.
" " South.	6:45	12:10
" " South.	2:35	6:56

MAIL CLOSURE.

North.	A. M.	P. M.
South.	6:45	12:10
South.	2:35	6:56

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held every Sunday in Grace Church. Morning service at 11 o'clock a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. See local column.

MEETING NOTICE.

Progress Camp, No. 425, Woodmen of the World, meets every Wednesday evening at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeymen Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, will meet every Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT	
Hon. G. H. Buck.	Redwood City
TREASURER	
P. F. Chamberlain.	Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR	
F. M. Granger.	Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY	
J. J. Bullock.	Redwood City
ASSASSIN	
C. D. Hayward.	Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK AND RECORDER	
M. B. Thompson.	Redwood City
SHERIFF	
J. H. Mansfield.	Redwood City
AUDITOR	
Geo. Barker.	Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS	
Miss Etta M. Tilton.	Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR	
Mrs. Crowe.	Redwood City
SURVEYOR	
W. R. Gilbert.	Redwood City

Love and Drink Cause Suicide. Portland, Or.—Melancholy resulting from infatuation for a California woman, aggravated by drink, caused Gottfried Amshutz, a Swiss, to send two bullets crashing through his brain. He was a rather good looking man, about 35, with dark hair and mustache and gray eyes. The last place he worked was at Lucher's milk ranch on Sandy creek. For two months he had been drinking and seemed to have plenty of money. "He didn't talk very much," said the landlady, "but said that a woman in California had made him almost crazy." She said she inferred from his talk that he was desperately in love with some woman who had rejected his suit.

Adopts a Man Thirty-Four Years of Age.

Dublin, Ind.—Mrs. J. S. Slick, an Indiana woman and widow of the late Judge Slick, who was once on the bench of the Forty-first Indiana Circuit and later a member of the Wabash circuit bar, has adopted Dr. Woodruff, a practicing osteopath, who formerly resided at Huntington. Mrs. Slick is 50 years old and Woodruff is 34. Mrs. Slick went into court and asked for authority to adopt him. The two have gone to California. Judge Slick was afflicted with paralysis for ten years. He died at Wabash three years ago. Dr. Woodruff was one of his physicians. The two were very close friends. Mrs. Slick has a snug fortune in valuable property.

More Mosaics for Stanford.

Stanford University.—Two additions to the multitude of mosaic designs now adorning the Memorial church, have been ordered prepared by Mrs. Stanford, and are already on their way from Italy. The subjects are "Paradise" and "The Prophecy of the Old Prophets of the Coming of Christ." The mosaics are to be placed above the side entrance on the interior of the church. They will probably be finished before the dedication on January 8th.

The boy who sows much wild oats generally has a poor harvest to reap in old age.

NEWS OF THE WORLD EPITOMIZED

Important Happenings of the Week Briefly Told.

TELEGRAMS FROM ALL SECTIONS.

Short, Pithy Paragraphs That Give the Cream of the Week's Events in a Form Appreciated by Busy Readers

A cable to the New York Sun from Rome says: Dispatches from Naples say that Vesuvius is assuming a threatening appearance. A number of smaller openings have appeared around the great crater.

Embassador Meyer from Rome reports to the State Department that the Italian Government has decided to apply to imports from Porto Rico to Italy the same rates of duty as on imports from the United States.

The Senate and House both passed the bill introduced for the relief of the tea importers. This bill permits the withdrawal of tea now in bonded warehouses after January 1st, without the payment of the 10 per cent duty. On January 1st tea goes on the free list.

The Sultan's forces in Morocco have been defeated with serious losses in Rat. After defeating the Zemmur tribe recently the Sultan's army encountered another rebel force, and a sanguinary fight followed, with the result that the Sherifian ruler was compelled to retire toward Fez.

Thirteen anarchists were arrested last week near Spezzia, Italy, after a desperate struggle. The police surprised them at a meeting while they were in the act of taking an oath with poignards to assassinate King Victor Emmanuel. One of the anarchists and one of the police were severely wounded.

Miya Goldie, an employe of the Washoe smelter, Anaconda, Mont., was at work in one of the flumes cleaning it out when some one turned on the hot slag and water, not knowing Goldie was in the flume. Goldie was literally boiled and cooked to death. He was 27 years of age and had been married only three months.

At a meeting of the executive committee of the New York Board of Education a proposition was made which in all probability will lead to the construction of skyscraper school buildings in that city. The matter was called up by plans that had been received from the official architect, C. B. J. Snyder, for eight and nine story school buildings of perfectly designed, fireproof construction, with a complete system of elevators, each building to accommodate 5000 pupils.

A special to the Kansas City Star from Mexico, Mo., says: Charles Stewart, who had fortified himself in his house near here and held the Sheriff, a posse of citizens and his family at bay with a shotgun since Friday last, was smoked out and surrendered. A portion of the house was first torn down by the officers, who then burned sulphur in the lower rooms. Stewart became suddenly insane last week and drove his family out of the house. When he surrendered he was without food and nearly frozen.

Eight buildings, including the Bird Island Bank and the Bird Island Hardware Company, were destroyed by fire at Bird Island, Minn. The loss is \$50,000. George Fewer, aged 16, was helping to carry goods out of a store when a kerosene tank exploded. The explosion lifted the building, and Fewer's foot was caught under the sill in the front doorway. The boy's father and others tried to rescue the boy, but the flames drove them back and the boy slowly roasted to death.

President Roosevelt talked with Senator Warren of Wyoming last week about the trip which the former expects to make to the Pacific Coast and Rocky Mountain States next spring. The President said he hoped to spend a long time in the West, not only visiting many cities and towns, but enjoying a hunting trip in Colorado and Wyoming. He referred humorously to his recent bear-hunting experience in Mississippi and expressed the opinion that he would have better luck in the Far West. He said he wished to spend a month

in Wyoming if the state of public business would permit.

Four men were killed and ten injured, three fatally, by the explosion of a box of dynamite in No. 5 mine of the Lehigh and Wilkesbarre Coal Company at South Wilkesbarre, Pa. The men had lowered into the shaft, which is 110 feet deep, a box of dynamite weighing fifty pounds. When the bottom of the shaft was reached one of the men took the box off the carriage. It slipped from his hands and fell to the ground. The concussion exploded the dynamite, and the twenty men who were in the immediate vicinity getting their tools in readiness to go to their respective chambers were hurled in all directions. The wooden work at the bottom of the shaft was also torn and scattered about.

The curious discovery has been made by the Code Commission at Washington in its work of codifying the statutes that the northern boundary of New Mexico and the southern boundary of Colorado overlap an entire degree of latitude. According to the official description in the revised statutes New Mexico's northern boundary is described as running along the thirty-eighth parallel, while Colorado's southern boundary is fixed at the thirty-seventh parallel. This fact has become known to the Senate Committee on Territories and may be used by the majority in its report as giving reasons why statehood for Arizona and New Mexico should be postponed. Some senators think a new survey will be ordered as a result of the discrepancy. On Government maps the boundary is fixed as the thirty-seventh parallel.

The steamer Empress of India, which arrived at Victoria, B. C., brought news to the effect that an insurrection has broken out in the southwest of Chi-li, China, where a large number of rebels have assembled, carrying banners inscribed "kill the officials and save the people." Troops have been sent against them. The Boxer movement in Sze Chuan continues, but both the insurgents and imperial forces have lately been holding aloof from each other. Reports from Kwang-si indicate a recrudescence of insurrectionary trouble in that province. The rebels are said to have attacked Kwei Chou. The famine in this province is causing many to join the revolt. The Kwangsi rebels, who had crossed into Kwang Tung, captured and looted the city of Fen Chuen, killing many of its people, but when two battalions of troops were sent by the Taotai of Chao Ching-fu they fled, abandoning their loot.

IMPROVEMENTS FOR CITY OF MANILA

Terms Are Given Prospective Bidders for the Franchises.

Washington.—The bureau of insular affairs of the War Department has issued a statement announcing that it now is in a position to furnish intending bidders the full text of the enactment of the Philippine Commission providing for the grant of a franchise to construct an electric street railway on the streets of Manila and its suburbs, and a franchise to construct, maintain and operate an electric light, heat and power system in the city of Manila and its suburbs. The franchise will be awarded after competitive bidding, the bids to be filed in Manila before March 5, 1903, when they will be opened. The route of the proposed system as fixed by the Philippine Commission is thirty-five miles long.

The points of competition for bidding are the duration of the franchise, not to exceed fifty years; the rate of fare on the street railway, not to exceed 7½ cents gold for first-class passengers and 5 cents gold for second-class passengers, and the compensation to be paid the city of Manila for the franchise, not less than 1½ per cent of the gross earnings. Construction must begin within six months after awarding the bid and be completed twenty months thereafter.

Ten Go Down With a Schooner.

St. John's, Newfoundland.—Furious snowstorms continue to sweep the Newfoundland coast. Four schooners have been lost, one with her entire crew of ten persons. Other vessels have been driven to sea and are believed to be in great danger. Trains and steamers are delayed, and there have been a number of fatalities throughout the colony.

Those who wrong you don't want to like you.

WOULD GIVE FREE HOMES TO NEGROES

Senator Morgan Is Urging His Colonization Scheme.

TO GIVE TWENTY ACRE HOMESTEADS

Hopes to Establish Haven of Refuge in the Philippines—Says Secretary Root and Governor Taft favor the Project.

Washington.—Senator Morgan of Alabama is working upon his plan for colonizing the Philippines with negroes from the United States. He has urged his scheme upon the President, Secretary Root and Governor Taft and believes that it will result eventually in millions of negroes emigrating to the Philippine islands. His plan involves the incorporation of a steamship transportation company and the distribution of homesteads of about twenty acres each. Speaking of the project, Senator Morgan said:

"The principal reason for my attitude in the Senate toward retaining the Philippine islands was my belief that those islands would afford a home for the negroes. When I first came to Congress I introduced a resolution to recognize the Congo Free State as an independent nation merely to afford the negroes of this country a place to which they might emigrate when their numbers increased to an extent that would make emigration necessary. The resolution passed the Senate and House and the colonization of negroes in Congo was well under way when the United States acquired the Philippines.

"The acquisition of that territory opens up a new and vastly superior country for them. The land is richer, the climate better suited to them and there they would still be under our flag. I took the matter up with Secretary Root and wrote to Governor Taft for information and ideas on a plan for colonizing negroes there. Both were favorably impressed and all the movement needs is a starter."

Senator Tillman of South Carolina does not take any stock in Morgan's plan. Senator Tillman said:

"Suppose that negroes are sent to the Philippines; there will be the cost of transportation to the Pacific Ocean, of the ocean voyage, of the preparation of some temporary habitation until they are able to provide for themselves and of feeding them until they raise a harvest and market their first crop.

"If this were all the Government intended to do for them the item of expense would be enormous. It would be necessary to tax the people to the point of oppression. No, sir; any such plans are chimerical dreams of the wildest character."

MARCONI MAY STARTLE THE WORLD

He Is Said to Have New Invention in Connection With Wireless Telegraphy.

New York.—A dispatch to the World from Halifax, Nova Scotia, says: It is announced in a semi-official way that Marconi has another invention which he expects will startle the world. When seen recently Marconi said that nothing whatever will be given out concerning his new invention until after he has completed the wireless telegraphy experiments here. News has been received here from Glace Bay that a meeting was held in London by the backers of Marconi for the purpose of changing the charter of the English company with a view to expanding its business by enlarging its field of operations and getting more power.

Bank Robbers Secured Twenty Thousand

El Paso, Tex.—It is estimated that the Hillsboro, N. M., Bank lost \$20,000 in the robbery there, details of which have just reached El Paso. Cattlemen had just made big deposits, which the three bandits secured, and rode for the Black range, in Sierra county. The identity of the robbers is unknown. The cashier was compelled to deliver the keys. Two other men in the bank were bound and gagged, the money was sacked and the robbers rode away without a battle. They eluded the posse sent after them, and it is thought they are now in Mexico, having crossed the boundary line at Douglas.

RUINS OF FLOUR MILLS IN ALASKA

Scientists Believe Russians Used to Grow Wheat in Alaska.

Tacoma, Wash.—That wheat was grown in Alaska by the Russians a century ago is proved by the discovery of two old flour mills built by the subjects of the Czar. One of these has been discovered on Wood island, in Southeastern Alaska and the other in the interior. The former mill has just been investigated by R. B. Taylor of the Smithsonian Institute, who spent the summer in Alaska. He says the old flour mill was built by the Russians early in the last century. Of its crude structure there now remains the corner stones and two large pieces of grinding stones. He believes the wheat which supplied the mill was grown in the valleys about Juneau and Sitka. From the size of the mill he infers that a large amount of wheat was grown there.

Taylor was informed at Circle of the ruins of another mill, 100 miles south of there, but did not see it. Some years prior to the sale of Alaska to the United States there was a great exodus of Russians from Alaska back to the empire. This fact, in Taylor's opinion, accounts for the suspension of wheat raising and flour grinding in Alaska.

Ask Names of Girls Who Want Husbands

Tacoma, Wash.—Stephen W. Ash of Melitta, Sonoma county, Cal., wants a wife. Having read in the San Francisco papers that Postmaster Cromwell had been the recipient of numerous letters from Eastern girls desiring husbands, he has written him the following letter: "Dear Sir:—Would you kindly give me the address of one or two of the girls who are looking for husbands. I am no trifle. I am a stone-cutter by trade, with steady work and good wages. Enclosed find stamp for reply." The Postmaster is giving Ashe the addresses of a number of women of Troy, Detroit and other cities, who have written him in reply to the story circulated through the East that five hundred Tacoma men were anxious to obtain that number of brides from the Atlantic Coast.

Marseilles Strike Spreads.

Marseilles.—At a referendum taken here the dock laborers by a large majority decided to strike. The Dock Laborers' Union numbers about 3600 men. The strike will be proclaimed immediately.

BRADSTREET'S WEEKLY TRADE REVIEW

Retail Distribution Occupies First Position in the Trade Situation.

New York.—Bradstreet's says: Retail distribution, further stimulated by colder weather and the advance of holiday season, has expanded largely, until now it easily occupies first position in the trade situation. Wholesale trade, except where inroads upon retailers' stocks has induced reorders, is lapsing into the quiet usual at this stock taking period. Building trade activity has been checked by the prevailing weather and the distribution of lumber and building materials generally is less active. Other leading industries also note the quieting down usual at this season. Great basic conditions, however, make for future prosperity.

Cold weather and snow have helped distribution at retail in the Northwest, and the outlook is for an unprecedented holiday distribution on the Pacific Coast. Reorders of heavy goods from jobbers are still of moderate proportions at the West, but spring sales are larger than a year ago in dry goods, shoes and clothing. Holiday trade is brisk for this early stage of the season at the East. Heavy clothing, shoes and rubber goods have moved into consumption largely during the week, and spring business is reported of flattering volume.

Business failures in the United States for the week ending December 11th number 247, as against 185 last week.

Killed by Locomotive.

Santa Rosa.—Thomas Shugart was struck by a locomotive on the North Shore Railroad at Tomales and killed. Shugart is deaf and was walking along the tracks when the train struck him. His view was obstructed by a large grove of willow trees, and before he was aware of the impending danger the train was upon him. The engineer endeavored to control his train before striking the man, but was unsuccessful.

BROTHERS BRING NEWS OF RICHES

Poverty-Stricken Man Inherits Fortune From His Uncle.

Vancouver, B. C.—Fifty thousand dollars is the fortune inherited by William Wildgrube, who for several years has lived in poverty near New Westminster. The news was brought him by his brothers Fred and Robert from Sheboygan and Manitowoc, Wis., who since the death of their rich uncle, had searched for him. William had not communicated with his brothers for years, and they had followed him from place to place, eventually finding him after covering 15,000 miles and occupying a considerable period.

It was twenty years ago that William Wildgrube, a musician by profession, came West, and after visiting nearly all the mining camps of the northern states settled in New Westminster. He has for some years been living with his family on the Scott road, three miles toward Blaine. The news of his legacy was a great surprise to him, and there was great rejoicing in the small cabin, the home of the Wildgrube family.

Masquerades as a Man for Twenty Years.

Buffalo, N. Y.—An emergency hospital ambulance was called to Michigan street to pick up what appeared to be a workman, whose leg had been broken. On the operating table it was found that the patient, who gave the name of Harry Newman, was a woman. She said she was 32 years old and had passed as a boy and a man since she was 8 years old. She was married to a woman ten years ago and the couple separated only recently. She has worked as a cook in restaurants here for fifteen years.

The People's Store

GRAND AVE., near Postoffice, South San Francisco, Cal.

This is the Only Store Sells

in San Mateo County that Sells Dry Goods and Fancy Goods; Boots and Shoes; Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods; Crockery and Agate Ware; Hats and Caps.

AT SAN FRANCISCO PRICES.

Give Us a Call and be Convinced.

M. F. HEALEY,

Hay, Grain and Feed. || || Wood and Coal. || || ||

Lumber Yard

ALL KINDS OF TEAMING.

Grand and San Bruno Aves., South San Francisco, Cal.

Cyrus Noble

The World famous American whiskey.

A perfect distillation of the best grain.

Aged in wood.

Of a soft mellow flavor.

Absolutely pure.

B. E. CUNNINGHAM,
Editor and Proprietor.

"This is above all a reading age, but how many people read the Bible?" Sssh-h!

The sad case of Charles M. Schwab should be a warning to the American "hustler"—and this is no joke.

The Crown Prince of Siam managed to sidestep all the free-advertising intentions of the soubrettes and chorus girls.

The average woman may not be able to tell a joke, but she can tell the scent of cloves at any hour of the day or night.

Why is the new arrival always called "a bouncing boy?" Because he makes you bounce out of bed like a rubber ball at 2 b. m.

A Missouri farmer owns a mule that is thirty-four years old. How did he happen to let the British remount agents get past?

Harry Lehr says Colonel Watterson is rude. Mr. Lehr has not gone so far, however, as to threaten to slap the colonel on the wrist.

The man who backed Baldwin is fitting out another polar expedition. His enthusiasm evidently has his discretion down and is sitting on it.

For some reason or other we often read that some man or other has "disappeared suddenly." It would be truly remarkable to read of one who disappeared gradually.

Oom Paul's book complains of harsh treatment. There is only one way for Oom to get even, and that is to head a big trust and soak it to the British consumer.

Ambitious youths should not jump hastily to the conclusion that the quickest and surest way to get rich is to become a burglar or train robber. Occasionally one of these fellows is nabbed.

It is stated that Mr. Carnegie has been giving away money at the rate of \$45,000,000 a year. How the British government would like to have the cash to apply to steamship subsidies and so offset American competition!

The man who offered a prize for the woman who would write him the best love letter failed to make the most of his opportunities. He would have had more fun if he had offered to give the prize to the girl who proved herself most proficient in the matter of making love to him personally.

There is a disposition to decry hobby-riding as an occupation unworthy of a man with a full intellectual equipment. The man of one idea may be a bore at times and is commonly so voted by people with no ideas and no paramount issues, but, after all, he is the man who accomplishes most, and without his insistent purpose and continuous industry in the particular propaganda to which he devotes himself many of the influences which make for progress and from which the human race derives an immeasurable aggregate benefit would cease to be operative.

A great spirit was released from its human bondage when Elizabeth Cady Stanton died. Her name is largely attached to the equal suffrage movement and she did furnish much of the brains of that movement for more than half a century. But she did more than that. She left the impact of her life on all the statute books of her country. Entering her father's law office at an early age, she was the first to point out the hard and unjust rules of the common law as to married woman and the amelioration of that law was her life work. More than that. She was a successful wife and mother. Where is there another woman who has contributed so much both to the laws and to the race?

Marie Corelli has touched upon some unpleasant truths in her diatribe against uncultured and illiterate Americans who emphasize their vulgarity with their millions. These same folk meet with little sympathy in their own country, where it is felt that they discredit the nation by the exhibition of those traits which Miss Corelli condemns. But such people are not the whole of the false coin of humanity. There are crude, pretentious, vulgar authors, who exert quite as bad an influence with spurious tales which would pass off the shallow for the profound and bait the credulous with irrelevant mystical nonsense. In her moments of self-searching Miss Corelli may perhaps think of some such person.

There is an ocean of difference between housekeeping and home-making. One is a business, the other an art. Many women make great successes in the business who fail absolutely in the art. Their houses are perfectly kept. Every department is run with care and exactness. There is never a failure to meet demand; but it is not a home. A home for the comfort, happiness and health of the family. There is no department of housekeeping that is not made to yield to the needs of any member. There is never a crisis of temper if a meal is late or the convenience of a member demands a change in the hour. A few minutes—yes, even a number of minutes—spent in kindly converse in the

morning, the call of a friend, or the sudden desire for an hour's outing, never seems to the home-maker a violation of the moral code. Dust does not cause a nightmare or disorder a display which love and charity agree to call nervousness. Not things, but souls, are the objects of the home-maker's care. She values peace more than system, happiness more than regularity, content more than work accomplished. Yet, with it all, her home, when she touches perfection, is the essence of regularity. It is this that makes home-making an art.

The young man is having his turn. A distinct feature of the times is importance of the part being played in all great affairs. President Roosevelt became 44 years old recently. He is the youngest President the nation ever had. It is the day of young men. Great fortunes are made nowadays early in life, or else, the chances are, they are not made at all. Young men set their marks in whatever calling they choose and go upward to them in leaps and bounds. Most attain their places in the social plan before middle life. It is a period of electrical rapidity in all things. By striking coincidence, nearly all the great rulers of Europe are comparatively young men. While one of the youngest rulers of nations, President Roosevelt is the senior of several. For instance, Nicholas of Russia is only 34 years of age, while William II., of Germany, is a year younger than the President. Queen Wilhelmina, of Holland, is young enough to be the President's daughter, having been born as late as 1880. Kuang Hsu, Emperor of China, has but 29 years to his credit, while Sultan Abdul Azziz, of Morocco, was born in 1873, and the Khedive of Egypt is only 28. King Carlos, of Portugal, is another who is junior to the President, having been born in 1861, while his near neighbor, Alfonso, of Spain, has not reached his seventeenth birthday. Ferdinand, of Bulgaria, is still another, he having first seen the light in 1861. Alexander, of Serbia, is quite a youth in comparison with him, however, having been born in 1876. King Edward VII., of Great Britain, is one of those called a young ruler, but he is a grandfather and is 17 years older than President Roosevelt. All of these come into their places by heredity, and age has no effect in their selection. It is by chance alone that all but two or three of the leading sovereigns of Europe are below the traditional age when rulers are supposed to ripen into sufficient wisdom.

Apart from humanitarian sentiments, the budgets of the nations need but casual study to convince one of the folly of war. Of course, there have been wars where the highest principles have been involved. There have been wars from time to time, and probably will recur as long as man is man, conditions that demand betterment and arouse the loftiest instincts of liberty and self-preservation in a nation, even to the point of drawing the sword. But Mars is not long on principle. Greed, jealousy, the barbaric love of blood itself, too often are the ruling incentives on one side or the other in international contests. And when the strife is over there is not only suffering and misery in thousands of homes ravaged by the battle demon, but there is as a general rule a heritage of debt that, with its accumulating interest, falls heavily upon the shoulders of posterity. Take the national debt of Great Britain. This year it is estimated at about \$3,850,000,000, and of this over one-fourth is directly traceable to wars during the last sixty years. A billion dollars of war debt left unpaid by one country in less than two generations! Over two-thirds of this arose from the South African war alone, while the Crimean war is down in the treasury books of John Bull at over \$200,000,000. The rest is made up from expenditures in the Canadian insurrection and China war in 1841, the Kafir war of 1849, the Abyssinian in 1869, the Russo-Turkish and South African wars of 1878-9, and the Egyptian operations of 1882. Not a war in the list was a contest to a finality with any great power. And yet, how modern warfare, as exemplified in the recent Boer conflict, has swollen the total! No wonder the treasury is a good brake on the War Departments these days! It costs enough, surely, to keep up an army and navy of decent size in this wealth-producing and wealth-distributing era, but a war for supremacy between Great Britain and Russia, for instance, would be won only at the cost of practical bankruptcy. The greatest ally of the international arbitration and universal peace project is the cost of war.

How the Cities Grow.
The calendar year 1901, according to a recent report of the United States geological survey, was the greatest in the history of the country in city building. Forty-two cities submitted reports to the department in response to inquiries and these showed that the total number of permits issued in those cities were \$5,571, as against 68,417 for 1900, a gain of 17,154, or 25.07 per cent. The value of the buildings erected on these permits in 1901 was \$372,173,631, compared with \$241,561,585 in 1900, a gain of \$130,612,046, or 54 per cent.

Big Carrier Pigeon Race.
Two thousand three hundred carrier pigeons recently took part in a race from Rome to Ghent.

After a man has done wrong, he more thoroughly understands the importance of keeping a secret.

If the average man's salary were as short as his memory he would starve to death.

AN HISTORIC PRISON.

THE TOMBS, NEW YORK, SCENE OF TRAGEDY AND ROMANCE.

Old Bastille to Be Soon Torn Down—Criminals of World-Wide Notoriety Who Have Been Confined Within Its Strong Walls.

The historic old Tombs prison in New York has been practically abandoned and its inmates transferred to the new city prison. With the exception of the boys' and women's departments, the old structure will be demolished, and the whole block will be inclosed by a high granite wall, with handsome gates, which, with the new sidewalks, will cost about \$175,000. In all New York there is hardly a more historic spot than the old Tombs. It has held the most notorious criminals the world ever knew—millionaire murderers and lawbreakers of every description. From it novelists and historians have drawn a world of material.

It was in the old Tombs that Edward S. Stokes, the slayer of "Jim" Fisk, fretted and fumed while the best legal talent in the country fought to secure his release. Stokes came within an ace of being hung on the Tombs gallows, which, by the way, was abolished when the electric chair made its appearance.

"Boss" Tweed once resided within the walls of the old prison, as also did James D. Fiesh, charged with a gigantic swindle which brought about a financial panic in 1833.

But now the old prison has played its part in the history of New York, and it will soon vanish, leaving as the only reminder of its existence innumerable stories, in some of which tragedies are strangely interwoven with romances.

The first building used for a jail in New York City was built in 1642 at Pearl and Coenties Slip. When this structure became inadequate another jail was built in present City Hall Park and remained in use until 1775, when a new brickwell was erected. Here a notable execution took place in 1741 when seven negroes were hanged for alleged complicity in the negro riot of that year.

In time the brickwell became inadequate and the Tombs was the result.

The latter building was erected on ground built up in what was called Collect Pond—a small sheet of water, separated from the river by a strip of marsh land. On this pond John Fitch made his first experiments in steamboat navigation. The story of how the Tombs got its name is interesting. John L. Stevens, of Hoboken, had published a book entitled Stevens' Travels, in which he gave an account of his trip through Asia and the Holy Land. Among the illustrations was one of an ancient Egyptian tomb. This illustration so impressed the committee which had the matter of a new prison under consideration that it reported in favor of a building for that purpose on the plan of the Egyptian tomb, and suggested the name "The Tombs."

The Tombs occupies an entire block at Franklin and Center streets. On the man dead with a knife in his heart. One of the burning questions after the Colt episode was: "Who gave him the knife?" Many people believed that during the excitement consequent to the burning of the cupola Colt was allowed to escape and a body substituted by his friends to convey the impression of suicide.

When "Bill" Poole, the butcher prize fighter, was killed the Tombs received many distinguished guests. James Irving, John Morrissey, later a valuable man in Tammany Hall, State Senator, and member of Congress; James Turner and Patrick McLaughlin were indicted for the murder and were lodged in the Tombs.

Formerly executions took place in the central court yard, but since the substitution of electrocution for hanging all legal killings in the State are carried out in the penitentiaries. One of the noted criminals that the Tombs sheltered was Albert E. Hicks, the pirate. His execution, however, did not take place at the Tombs. On the day set for his execution he was driven to Bedloe's island and was there executed in the presence of 10,000 persons.

The new city prison is a thoroughly modern structure, embracing many improvements not found in other places of detention. It has 320 cells.

ASSIST GROWTH OF VINES.

Electric Currents Are Useful to the Wine Growers of the World.

Experiments recently made by a wine producer in Elba, Germany, in the use of electricity in grape culture form the subject of a report to the State department by United States Consul General Guenther at Frankfurt. According to the report the wine producer several years ago planted four fields with native grapevines, in the midst of a district infested with phylloxera, and treated two of these fields with "air electricity." The difference in the development of the grapes of the fields was apparent, and demonstrated that electricity increased the fertility of the soil. The fields so treated yielded better results both in quantity and quality and were not infested with phylloxera, as was the case with the other fields.

It is explained, however, that it is not sufficient to simply conduct air electricity to the earth, but that there must be a direct metallic connection of the electric conduit with the main stem of the plant. In the case of the experiments described five masts were erected on a field of about two and a half acres, and the tops of the masts were provided with an arrangement for accumulating atmospheric electricity. These accumulators were connected with each other by wires.

Some Noted Prisoners.

The first prisoner of importance to enter the Tombs was John C. Colt, the great manufacturer of firearms, who was charged with the murder of Samuel Adams. His trial lasted ten days, and in that time his friend, Caroline Heushaw, attracted as much attention as the well-to-do murderer. It was the doomed man's desire that he be al-

THE DUCK SHOOTING SEASON.



lowed to marry her before he was hanged, and, agreeable to his wish, the ceremony was performed at noon on the fatal day—the execution being fixed four hours later.

The bride was accompanied by Colt's brother and John Howard Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home." Rev. Mr. Arthur performed the ceremony. The woman went away and the prisoner asked to be left alone until "his time was up." His wish was respected.

Just as the clock was about to strike 4, while a great, excited crowd stood about the prison, the cry of fire was heard, and it was found that the cupola of the prison was ablaze. Rev. Mr. Arthur went to the cell to inform Colt that all was ready. He found

Wires were also laid in the sail about one and one-half feet deep, so as to form an evenly distributed metallic net. Every accumulator was connected with this metallic net by a wire running along the mast. Short wires connected with the plants, the free ends being stuck into the stem or into the main root thereof. If this metallic fulfills expectations it will undoubtedly prove a most important invention.—Washington Star.

ANECDOTE OF EDWARD VII.

How He Made Soft Answer to a Fisherman's Rudeness.

During the early manhood of Albert, Prince of Wales, now Edward VII., King of England, the royal yacht containing him and several of his comrades was cruising off the coast of Cornwall, waiting for something new to turn up for their amusement, writes a contributor to the Ledger Monthly.

The sturdy fishermen along the coast were not so lightly employed. On board one heavy boat all was not going well. The seines hauled with unusual difficulty. A heavy swell had tangled them in snags on the bottom, tearing them in places as they came up. The supply of fish was small and discouraging, but they must be reset, nevertheless, so the work went on.

The largest net seemed most firmly lodged and many efforts failed to bring it to the surface. With stubborn patience they loosened and pulled in vain. Finally, after many attempts to extricate it they decided upon a steady, united pull at the net's own risk and ranged themselves accordingly. "One, two, three—pull!" Suddenly the thing gave way, so suddenly that the foremost man, barely keeping his feet, was hurled with some violence against a stranger who had just stepped on board from a small boat alongside.

The collapse was a surprise to the fisherman, who had not seen the approaching boat and knew not whence it came. The shock added fuel to his already worn-out patience. Without a glance at the intruder he drew up his arm and sent his brawny elbow with no particularly gentle force into the stranger's side, exclaiming, roughly: "Get out of my way! What are you doing here anyhow?" There was an instant's ominous pause. Both faces were a study. Then: "I beg your pardon, sir," said the intruder, in as gentle a tone as he could command, "I did not mean to get in your way. We came over to see your fish."

"And who may you be?" gasped the fisherman, with a sudden painful quickening of the imagination. "Only Albert, Prince of Wales, and heir to your country's throne, my good sir," was the calm but truly vengeful reply.

Then there were other apologies and a generous present of fish to repay the rudeness, says the Detroit Free Press, and in all his realm to-day Albert Edward has no more devoted subject than the aged fisherman, still living on the Cornwall coast, whose wrath he appeased by the mild reply of a gentleman when there seemed ample excuse for another sort of revenge.

Uneven.

Once upon a time a Righteous Citizen witnessed a Combat between a Big Man and a Small Boy. The Big Man laid about him mightily and smote the Small Boy hip and thigh, who upon the Tip of his Toes could not reach the Big Man's waistband.

"Hold," cried the Righteous Citizen, as the Big Man proceeded to sit down upon the Small Boy. "It is not a Fair Fight! The Small Boy is hitting the Big Man below the Belt!"—Life.

A Slight Difference.

Miss Gushington—Mr. D'Auber was showing us some of his sketches in oil. I think his style is just cute, don't you?

Mr. Knox—Oh, I wouldn't say "cute," exactly.

Miss Gushington—No?

Mr. Knox—No; I should say "artless."

—Philadelphia Press.

Money that a man doesn't save by remaining a bachelor would probably support a wife and ten children.

OWNED BY HIS MILLIONS.

Russell Sage Helpless in the Power of His Accumulated Wealth.

Russell Sage is the most indefatigable financier in the world to-day. Conservative financiers, who know what they are talking about, will tell you that Russell Sage is worth more than a hundred million dollars, and that he has at least twenty-five millions in cold, hard cash—an amount of ready currency greater than that possessed by any other millionaire. He has been working hard since his early youth. He was a member of Congress long before the present generation of men and women came into being. For fifty years he hasn't missed, all summed up, more than sixty days from his office, including occasional indispositions and business absences from the city, and so on. Even when the crazy chap threw a carpet-bag full of dynamite at Mr. Sage a few years ago the old gentleman was recovered from the shock and back at his desk two days later. His friends confidently expect to see him haggling with "Apple Mary" over the price of the two apples, which he takes for his luncheon.



RUSSELL SAGE.

For a good many years to come yet. Mr. Sage has worn the same overcoat for six years now, and it is a pretty seedy-looking affair. He wears shocking hand-me-down clothes and impossible hats, this constituting one of the secret sorrows, it is said, of his amiable, generous and even-tempered wife. None of the stories bearing upon Russell Sage's acute appreciation of the value of money is exaggerated. Here is one that hasn't been printed: Last summer the Wall street men living on Long Island arranged for a ferry boat to meet them at the Long Island City station at 9:30 on business mornings to convey them to the Wall street slip, and thus save them the trouble of crossing over to New York and taking the L. train downtown to their offices. They arranged to pay 10 cents each per morning for this ferry ride from Long Island City to Wall street, New York. They invited Mr. Sage to join them. But Mr. Sage wouldn't. He continued to cross over to New York on the ferry to Thirty-fourth street, which he was entitled to do without cost on his regular Long Island railroad pass. When he reached New York he was entitled to ride downtown without giving up a nickel to the L. road, for, as one of the directors of the L. Company, he, of course, had an L. pass. Thus he saved each day 10 cents, to do which he endured the long ride downtown on the L. with its hot, sooty, soft-coal engines.

GETTING EVEN WITH WOMEN

A certain French merchant who died in the year 1801 left a very handsome legacy to a lady who had refused to marry him twenty years previously.

The will stated that the testator made the bequest in order to express to the legatee his gratitude for her forbearance in leaving him to lead a happy bachelor life of independence and freedom. A British sailor by his will directed his executors to pay his wife the sum of 1 shilling "to buy bazel nuts, as she had always preferred cracking these to mending stockings."

The will of John George of Lambeth, who died in 1791, ran thus, says the People's Friend: "Seeing that I have had the misfortune to be married to the aforesaid Elizabeth, who ever since our union has tormented me in every possible way; that she has done all she could to render my life miserable; that heaven seems to have sent her into the world solely to drive me out of it; that the strength of Samson, the genius of Homer, the prudence of Augustus, the skill of Pyrrhus, the patience of Job, the philosophy of Socrates, the subtlety of Hannibal, the vigilance of Hermogenes, would not suffice to subdue the perversity of her character; that no power on earth can change her—weighing maturely and seriously all these considerations, I have bequeathed and hereby bequeath to my said wife Elizabeth the sum of 1 shilling to be paid to her within six months after my death."

Japs in Hawaii.

According to J. K. Brown, inspector of immigration for the Hawaiian Islands, the Japanese labor which has flocked to the country since the exclusion of the Chinese is less desirable for plantations than the Chinese. Neither the white nor the natives of Hawaii will work on the plantations. It is an interesting fact, as explained by Mr. Brown, that in some cases the Japanese learn trades and displace white skilled laborers. In all the discussion of Chinese exclusion in the United States there has been very little said about the Chinese supplanting skilled labor.—Buffalo Express.

When those we like play it, it is a violin; but when those we dislike begin to finger it, it is a fiddle.

THE LAND OF POPPIES.

Where, blue and silver in the sun
The broad Pacific swells,
And, king among the forest trees,
The giant redwood dwells;
And frosty winter never smites
The smiling earth with gloom,
In all their gay and glowing pride
The languid poppies bloom.

The hills are rich with yellow ore,
And in the vales below
The luscious fruits and fragrant flowers
Of every climate grow;
And by the ruined mission's walls
And from the wayside sod
And all along the garden walks
The drowsy poppies nod.

Bright, crumpled blossom, silken pink,
Pure white and crimson deep,
And vivid scarlet, everywhere
They tell a tale of sleep,
When purple shadows long and cool
Among the vineyards lie,
And apples ripen into gold
Beneath a turquoise sky.

While Louisiana on her shield
The sweet magnolia shows,
And Maine displays the brown pine cone,
New York the queenly rose,
And Delaware prefers the peach
To garland her renown,
The Golden State elects to wear
A regal poppy crown.
—Leslie's Weekly.

A Daughter's Gift

YOU know, pa wouldn't consent to Del's marriage with Jim, wouldn't allow the wedding at the house or allow either Del or Jim to come here afterward. This was because Jim had been wild and hadn't settled down. It was hard on us all, for Del was my only child; she had always been her father's pet, and her treatment almost broke her heart.

The years went by, and pa, instead of softening, appeared to harden, though Jim made Del a splendid husband and grew rich. They had one child, a boy, the prettiest little chap you ever saw. One day an artist saw him in his bath and was so struck with his slender little form that he asked leave to copy him into a picture he was painting. The picture was a success and brought the artist a fine reputation, all on account, everybody said, of the little figure in the corner.

One day Del said to me: "Ma, I'm going to send pa a present."
"I'm afraid, my dear, he'll send it right back to you."

"Maybe he will, and maybe he won't. Anyway, I'm going to try it. I'm going to put it in the little dining-room so that he'll see it when he comes down the first thing in the morning. He's always in a better humor then than at any other time of day. Don't you remember how he used to toss me in the air every morning before breakfast?"

"How are you going to send it?"
"Jim and I are going to get up early and take it round. You are to let us in. We'll place it right where pa will see it the first thing when he comes into the breakfast room."

I didn't believe it would do any good, but I told Del I would help her in any way I could, so it was all arranged that they should bring their gift the next Sunday morning. On that day we breakfasted at 9 o'clock and pa does not have to go downtown to business. When Sunday came, the sun was shining bright and beautiful, the birds were singing in the yard, and there was a delicious freshness in the air. I was thankful, thinking that if anything could put pa in a good humor it would be this beautiful morning. A little before 9 Jim and Del drove up to the side gate, which was hidden from the house by trees, though that wasn't necessary, for pa was shut up in his shaving room, where he couldn't see anything, and Jim carried an oblong box about three feet in length up to the side entrance. I let them in, and they went to the dining room, while I went upstairs to keep an eye on pa. He had finished shaving and was sitting by the front window, looking out, but instead of being happy, the bright morning seemed to make him all the more melancholy.

"What a pleasant day," I said, "for a family party to go for a drive in the country!"

"There's no family party except you and me," he said.

I knew that he was pining for Del, but I didn't say anything more for fear of making him ugly. I saw by the clock that it was five minutes to 9, and I went to the banister and coughed to give Jim and Del warning, then told pa that breakfast was ready. He got up with a sigh, and we went downstairs together.

We both stood mute, looking at what we saw in the bay window at the end of the dining room. The marble bust that always stood on the pedestal had been removed, and in its stead was the statue of a little boy about 5 years old. It was of white marble—that is, so far as we could judge—and held out a pair of little arms to us.

"Great gosh!" pa exclaimed.

"Little darling!" said I. "What a pity it isn't alive!"

"How do, grandpa?" cried the statue, and, tearing off its white face, it displayed the rosy features of Del's little Jim. Jumping off the pedestal, all in his white tights he ran up to his grandpa, who bent down and took him in his arms.

I never saw pa so overcome in my life. He hugged the boy so tight that I thought he would crush him. Then Del came from the pantry and put her arms around them both. Del was laughing and crying, and pa was trying to keep from doing both. Then he put little Jim down, and without



Do not print in strong sunlight except when using very dense negatives. Do not handle your paper any more than necessary, and do not wash gelatine prints all night, as it spoils them.

Should you ever be unfortunate enough to break a focusing screen, a fairly good substitute may be made by cleaning the gelatine from an old negative and substituting tissue paper. This is much preferable to using a fogged plate.

Yellow beeswax, the common everyday product, is a fine thing to have in the dark room. Before starting developing rub a piece around the edge of the plate. It will not much to keep the film clear and unbroken in the solutions. Two drachms of the wax in an ounce of alcohol or benzole also makes an excellent waxing solution for prints, and corks dipped in it will not stick in bottles.

If you would like to possess a pedestal for portrait work and not care to go to the expense of buying one ready made, procure two soap boxes from your grocer and some marbled paper to cover them. Joint the ends of the boxes together and then paste

noticing that his clothes were covered with the white powder that had made the boy's tights look like marble he folded Del in his arms.

Jim—big Jim, I mean—seeing through a crack in the pantry door that the plan had been a success, came into the room, and pa put out his hand.

That was the happiest breakfast party any of them ever sat down to. I had taken pains to have a nice breakfast, though I didn't believe Del's present to her father would break through his crustiness, but hoped it would and we would all take our Sunday morning meal together. After the breakfast we sat in the library and talked while pa and Jim smoked.

"Ma," said pa to me, "didn't you say something about a family party going for a drive? I reckon we'll have out the horses."

Pa and Jim went out to the stable while Del and I got up a lunch. Then we started for the country. There was room for Jim and Del on the back seat, while pa had little Jim with him in front. Jimmie hadn't ever ridden behind horses before and was wild with delight, talking to his grandpa and begging him to let him drive till pa consented.

Who got up the statue? Why, the artist who used little Jim for a model. After the reputation and money he made out of his picture he couldn't do enough for Jim and Del and exercised all his skill on the boy's make-up and in posing him.—Indianapolis Sun.

FAMOUS NICKNAMES.

Those of Many Prominent Individuals in England.

It is fairly well known that King Edward has, since the death of Queen Victoria, been dubbed "the Master" by his own particular set or circle of friends. The name, too, is happily apropos. The Duke of Cambridge is called "George the Ranger," the joke, of course, being applied in connection with his connection with the royal parks. The Princess Charles of Denmark is called "Harry" by her family, and the Duke of Teck is always spoken of as "Dolly." His wife, who was the Lady Margaret Grosvenor, is sometimes termed "Peggy." Names of this description are particularly plentiful among the proud people of the house of Grosvenor. The present head, the young Duke of Westminster, is called "Bend Or," because at the time he was a pretty babe in a luxurious cradle his grandfather's horse, Bend Or, was the talk of every town, for did not the colt win the Derby, and did not some one object to the prize going to Eaton Hall because, as it was alleged, Bend Or was Tadcaster, and, as a foal, had been unsuspectingly changed in his box with the other horse named? The name, applied to the baby boy in 1880, has stuck ever since.

The realms of sport are naturally hotbeds for nicknames. If one took down a list of the members of the Jockey Club one could occupy a pleasant day brooding over the why and wherefore of pet names bestowed on the distinguished sportsmen. The Duke of Portland is called "Jumbo," an appellation that may be complimentary or the reverse. Prince Soltykoff is called "Solty" by his Newmarket intimates; Prince Dhuleep Singh, "Tulip"; Lord Cholmondeley, "Rock," and the northern owner of race horses and collieries, Lord Londonderry, as "C." This name was given to his lordship when he was Lord Castlereagh; while the Cheshire lord was called "Rock" because of his earlier title, Rocksavage. Of other well-known "sports," Lord Coventry is popularly dubbed "Covey," Lord Lurgan "Billy," the hard-riding Lord Cowley as "Toby," and Captain Macchell as "El Capitano." That lucky sportsman, Alfred

your marbled paper neatly over them. Place a plant on top and you will have a first-class pedestal. It can be made with three cheese boxes instead of two soap boxes if desired.

A good flash lamp may be made by obtaining an old clay pipe, attaching a piece of rubber hose to the stem, and tie some cotton wool around the bowl. Soak the wool in alcohol and put the flash powder in the bowl. Light your cotton wool and by blowing down the rubber tube the powder will flash. This improvised lamp will be much handier if you make a stand for it of some pieces of wood nailed together, into which the stem and bowl will fit.

One cause, and it is an important one, of plates frilling in warm weather is the difference in temperature between the developing and fixing baths. If ice is used in the first it should be in the latter. If the developer is rather warm and the hypo bath cool, a plate will frill where it would not if the hypo was of the same temperature as the developer. Hypo, when a fresh bath is made, is very cooling. This is easily verified. When the fixing bath to be used has just been made, be sure the developer is cooled with ice to correspond.

de Rothschild, will always pass as "Mr. A." Lord Buchan, who is a well-dressed, dapper man, is called "P. A.," no reference being made to the Press Association, but to the description once passed about him that he was the "Pocket Adonis."

The Duke of Athol was once termed "All Scotland," and the name has been associated with his lordship ever since. The young Duke of Manchester is called "Kilm," the Duke of Newcastle goes by the nickname of "Linnie," derived, again, from this noble earl's other title. Lord Spencer passes as the "red earl" on account of his color; Lord Warwick will answer to "Brookie," and Lord Yarmouth to "The Bloater," although in his case this name was bestowed upon his father in the latter's soldiering days. Lord Roberts, as everybody knows, is called "Bobs," but it would not be safe to call the great little man that name to his face.—Golden Penny.

LAST OF THE NAPOLEONS.

Princess Mathilde the Only Survivor of the Great Corsican Family.

Probably it will not be long now before France will lose her last link with Napoleon Bonaparte, for the great Corsican's niece, who recently passed her 82d birthday, is the only surviving member of the great Napoleonic house. This is Princess Mathilde, who is spending her declining years quietly in Paris.

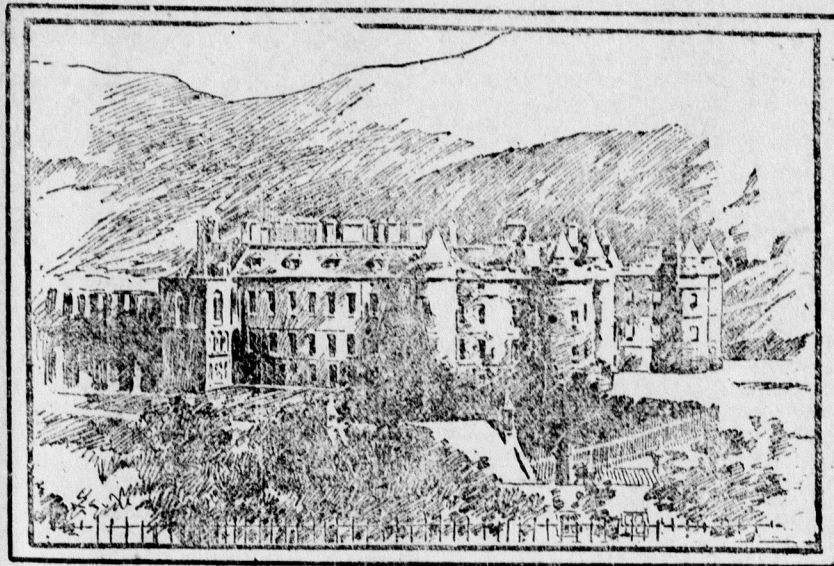
The princess was born in 1820, about eleven months before the death of the first Napoleon. She was a daughter of a sister of George III., who married Napoleon's brother Jerome, and during her childhood, or until Queen Victoria's children were born, there seemed some chance that she might succeed to the throne of Great Britain. Her royal highness, however, became one of the greatest women in her own land, acting as hostess for her cousin, Napoleon III., during the first year of his reign, or until his marriage with Empress Eugenie. Today Princess Mathilde and the ex-Empress, both venerable women, are the only survivors of the first rank of the empire.

Lawn Games in England.

We get nothing like the pleasure out of our lawns which the English do. Where we are at fault is that we do not use our lawns to anything like their full capacity of enjoyment. Here and there we use them as the framing of lawn tennis or croquet courts (which we make either of dirt or asphalt), and here and there we mark out upon their surface a baseball diamond. Still rarely and only in limited localities they are used for the playing of cricket. Both the latter games, however, require for their outfields rather a field than a lawn, within the ordinary meaning of the word; and, speaking broadly and generally, it may be said with truth that we have no games which require only a lawn and nothing more. Nevertheless, the two games of Jack o' the green, or lawn bowls, and quoits have held their own through ten centuries, at least in Great Britain, and in later times have spread with the race to the remotest parts, which might be played on tens of thousands of lawns in America, to the great advantage of the players and to the enhancement of the pleasures of country life.—Country Life in America.

Women of wealth sometimes forget to speak to laboring women, but they are afraid to show such pride to the dressmakers.

HOLYROOD PALACE ONCE AGAIN TO BE USED AS A ROYAL SEAT



HOLYROOD PALACE.

Holyrood Palace, at Edinburgh, which King Edward will use for a royal residence, has not been put to that substantial use for upward of 200 years. It was built as an abbey in 1128 by King David I. of Scotland, and is so interwoven with the history of that country as to be the most interesting place in all Scotland, next to Edinburgh Castle itself. In 1295 James Balliol held a parliament within its walls. James II. was born in it, crowned in it, married in it and buried in it. The nuptials of Princess Margaret of England were celebrated there in 1503. From that time forward the abbey, which had been reconstructed into a palace, became the principal seat of the Scottish sovereigns. Queen Mary lived there upon her return from France in 1561. There, in 1566, Rizzio was torn from her side and stabbed to death on the steps leading from the throne room. Her son, King James VI., dwelt much in the palace before his accession to the English throne in 1603. He revisited the place in 1617. It was garrisoned by Cromwell's troops after the battle of Dunbar. In 1745 it was occupied by Prince Charles Edward X. of France. For years the old palace has been merely a show place, visited by pilgrims from the four ends of the earth, and reverently loved by the Scotch who see in it the glories of a great and brilliant national history. It occupies a pleasant site and has been kept in splendid repair as the years have flown by and the face of the land has changed.

MURDERER HELD A SECRET.

He Is Pardoned that He May Exploit His Knowledge.

Considerable public interest was recently aroused by the action of Governor Shaw, of Iowa, in pardoning a murderer, S. R. Dawson, who claims to have discovered the long lost secret of making Damascus steel and also the process by which copper can be hardened and tempered. It was to prevent the knowledge of this secret from being lost to the world that induced the action of the Iowa executive.

Five years ago, when Dawson was sent to the penitentiary for murder, he was just about to exploit the secrets he had discovered, and a company with ample capital had been formed for that purpose. He was then 49 years old. The men associated with him in the company that had been formed besought him to divulge the secret of his process, but he refused to tell a soul anything about his discovery. The formula, however, he deposited in the safety vault of the Des Moines National Bank. To that vault

was harder than ordinary steel, more pliant, susceptible of a keener edge. He made some beautiful knife blades that would bend almost double, and also a heavy sabre. He fashioned a cold chisel and tested it beside ordinary chisels on steel girders. The Dawson chisel went through the girder in much less time than ordinary chisels. The workmen had to change tools often in order to get good edges, but when Dawson had finished the edge on his chisel it seemed as good as ever.

MOHAVES ARE SUPERSTITIOUS.

Tribe Clings Zealously to All Its Ancient Customs and Beliefs.

According to a member of the geological survey who has traveled extensively in the west, says the Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune, the Mohave Indians are the most superstitious of any tribe in the United States, and they cling to no other tribe does to their old traditions. "Their god is Mat-o-we-ha," says the scientist, "the maker of all things, the director of the sun, moon and stars, the guardian of the hunting ground, the sender of rain and sunshine and arbiter as to whether the seasons will bring forth luxuriant harvests or famine. His son, Mas-zam-ho, has charge of the white mountain (heaven), and is the guardian of departed spirits, which are supposed to ascend to paradise in smoke, and it is believed all the personal property destroyed in the flames with the deceased will go with him."

"The Mohaves who are not cremated turn into owls, and whenever a hoot of that bird is heard these Indians think it is one of their dead returned. The owl is caught if possible and cremated, that the imprisoned spirit may be set free and allowed to enter the white mountain to find everlasting peace. Through the influence of the government agents the yearly mourning festival of the Mohaves, a most picturesque ceremony, has been abandoned. At these festivals great pyres were lighted outside of the village, on a spot selected as the most pleasing to Mat-o-we-ha and Mas-zam-ho, and when the fire was hottest every member of the tribe would throw his dearest belonging into the flame, believing that it ascended in the thick smoke of the fire straight to the white mountain and into the hands of their dear departed ones, carrying messages of love and remembrance."

Appealing to the Colored Passenger. Alexander Southern Thwatt tells this on his rivals and himself: "We all were working our hardest to secure a colored delegation who wished to travel to a certain point in Arkansas, and the usual exhibits were made, every passenger agent swearing his was the shortest route. I took the chairman aside and said to him: 'Look here; you don't want to take any short route. See what you miss! You don't travel every day. Take the longest route, and have a look at the country. I'll take you by way of — and — etc.'—naming half a dozen cities—'give you all a good time, and land you at your destination nearly as soon as if you travel by air lines.' It caught him, and I got the delegation. The short route never catches Sambo."—New York Press.

A Safe Petition.

A friend tells a writer in London A. A. P. that he met Mr. Arthur Balfour, the new prime minister of England, one evening at a dinner party. The conversation turned on the importance in life of self-confidence. My friend repeated the saying, "God gie us a guid conceit o' oorsels." Mr. Balfour added quickly, "And that, sir, is the only prayer that is always answered."

More Reserves for Germany. Germany drills this year 53,400 reserve troops, nearly double as many as she drilled two years ago.

The Unfortunate Maker of "Breaks."

A "break" in the ever-changing vernacular of social parlance, signifies some unfortunate chance remark that either refers to or suggests some subject best to be avoided. Everyone knows how often such "breaks," as they are called, occur, and how there seems to be some perverse fate that makes one go out of one's way to talk of topics that must necessarily suggest the one forbidden. If there is anyone at the table, for instance, who has some personal defect, the limp of perversity will probably cause the most tender-hearted person present to drag that particular misfortune into the conversation by alluding to some one who is similarly afflicted. Or if there is some family skeleton which must not be spoken of, it will always be brought forward by proxy.

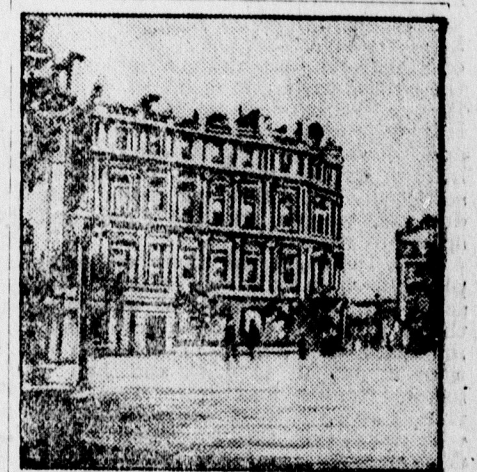
"I am the most unfortunate individual in the world about such things," complained a young man recently. "It is simply impossible for me to steer clear of any unpleasant topic. It is like a lodestone to me, and I am drawn in its direction whether I will or not. The other day I went with a house party to the M——s, who are all abnormally fat. 'Now, Bill,' I said to myself, 'remember, not one word about corpulence!' But in spite of all my efforts I managed to drag in the subject several times. To my horror, I heard myself mention Barnum's fat woman to Mrs. M——, speak of some one's death from fatty degeneration of the heart when conversing with Mr. M——, talk admiringly of Miss Slender's figure to Miss M——, and allude to the disadvantage of carrying weight to young M——, who nearly broke his heart at college because he grew too heavy to compete in the games. There was a perfect fatality about it, and I am sure they must have thought I did it all on purpose."

"It was worse with me," laughed the young woman to whom he was speaking. "I went to stay with some people whose prominent family trait was a remarkably large nose. Like you, I resolved beforehand never to mention the defect, but the prohibitive word so preyed on my mind that, on one dreadful, never-to-be-forgotten day, I said to my host at the table, 'Please give me some—nose!' I intended to ask for salt, but the awful word got ahead of it and slipped out of my mouth quite clear and distinct. I was too much horrified to pass it off, and grew red as a peony, feeling ready to cry, but Mr. A—— burst out laughing. 'I know exactly how it happened, dear child,' he said, 'and you mustn't mind it a bit.'"—New York Tribune.

CITY HALL TOO SMALL.

London Civic Business Hampered by Lack of Room.

London has suddenly discovered that it ought to have a respectable home for its rulers. One of the queerest of all the topsy-turvy things about this center of the empire is that probably 3,000,000 of its inhabitants don't know where its "city hall" is. The building from which the world's metropolis is



LONDON'S CITY HALL.

ruled is an insignificant affair, beside which the municipal headquarters of any American city of 30,000 inhabitants would look imposing. It is quite overshadowed by the back part of William Waldorf Astor's house, which adjoins it on the north. The building is too small to hold half of the departments of a concern that spends \$30,000,000 a year and rejoices in gross debts of \$250,000. The county council recently voted down a proposition to build a new city hall.

Affinities Never Sudden.

There is more of ideal love and marriage in the world than it is the fashion to believe. Affinities are not so rare. But they are made, not born. After all, what are affinities? People between whom attraction is developed to a maximum, who think and feel and act in entire sympathy. It is improbable that two people could meet and discover such a bond of perfect sympathy. Such a condition would be too good and great to gain without a struggle. No two people have the same training and education, the same environment, the same conditions for the formation of character and inclination. We must make our affinities.—Cosmopolitan.

A Watchful Nurse.

Doctor—Ah! Glad to see you doing better. So you slept well last night, did you?

Patient—Who slept?

Doctor—Here's the record: "Slept, slept, slept."

Patient—Pshaw! That was the nurse. —Interme.

Asked and Answered.

He—When poverty comes in at the door what is it love does?

She—Why, it flies out of the dining-room window, of course.

THE ENTERPRISE.

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1902.

The Pacific Cable will shortly be an accomplished fact. The big steamer Silverton is now straining the big wire along the bottom of the ocean from San Francisco to Honolulu.

At the last meeting of the Board of Supervisors plans were adopted and bids ordered advertised for three new bridges on San Bruno road between this place and San Bruno. The bridges are to be constructed with steel beams resting on concrete abutments, with lattice steel railing. They are estimated by the County Surveyor to cost \$1270, \$1220 and \$700 respectively.

In these closing days of the good old year we wish all our readers a "Merry Christmas." May good cheer abound, and may the day be full of joy and peace and kindness to each and every one. If any there be who lack wherewith to make merry may an open outstretched hand be near to give. May the beneficent spirit of the season fill every heart to overflowing, and all join to make Merry Christmas.

THE NEW ELECTRIC ROAD.

At the meeting of the Board of Supervisors held on December 15th the first step was taken in the matter of granting Mr. W. J. Martin a franchise for an electric railroad from Holy Cross to the W. P. Fuller works at the water front. This is an entirely new enterprise and is under the control of Land Agent W. J. Martin. As soon as the action of the Board of Supervisors in granting the franchise has been perfected work will be begun at once upon the construction of the road and pushed to early completion.

A CALIFORNIA CHRISTMAS CAROL.

From behind the upraised fingers of our mother range the storm-tipped, thinking to surprise the valley. There came a soft wind from the sea and whispered a word in the ear of the storm. At the word its cold heart melted. The dread of all the east land was born again according to the Scripture of this coast. It ceased its war songs and sang love ditties. It cut the leashes of its snow shoes and tossed them back, descending the hills in its stocking feet. It laughed softly, and then tinkling trills rang down the canyon, like the ripple and splash of waterfalls.

From the chaparral there came reply. It emanated from the top of a scrub oak; first a warble of welcome, then a love song as from a joy-breaking heart, then a note of triumph as when a danger is past, and then a lullaby tender and low. Then the voice rose again as if summoning the wild rose, and the heliotrope, and the cream cups and the daisies and poppies to a midwinter carnival on the uplands. Then came the rehearsal of a Christmas carol. From that single throat on the apex of the scrub oak came notes from all the birds of the foothills, the hermit thrush, the canyon wren, the wood pewee, the Audubon warbler, the song sparrow, the mountain blue bird, and a host of others, until the clear air was thrashed with melody heard nowhere else save from the chaparral-covered bed of a one-time mountain torrent.—Elizabeth Grinnell, in Sunset Magazine, San Francisco, California, for December.

GLOBE SIGETS.

Hereafter, the Globe will refer to the birth of twins as a "baby shower."

A Californian isn't jealous of his wife, but he is jealous of his climate.

Ask a man about his troubles and he becomes so interested he forgets to ask about yours.

Be careful about repeating a story on the authority of "they say." "They" will say anything.

Now, on the dead, can you think of three words in the English language worse than the "last sad rites?"

If you succeed you must do it in spite of hard times, hard knocks, hard opposition and serious annoyances.

There is no denying that the world is beautiful, if some one you dislike is not obstructing your vision.

Everything connected with human life is improved except the manner of entering this world, and the way we leave it.

A man who is trying to quit smoking feels at times like going out and screaming. Or like going on a bender. Or like setting fire to his own house.

From the descriptions given it an Angora goat must be a great deal like Suspicion, which feeds on anything and grows fat.—Acheson Globe.

THE RICHEST UNIVERSITY.

The endowment of Stanford University is greater than that of any other two institutions of learning in America—amounting to over \$30,000,000. It consists mainly of interest-bearing securities, and a landed endowment of over 100,000 acres. The Vina estate in Tehama county and the Gridley estate in Butte county are the largest tracts. In the erection of the university buildings it has never been necessary to touch the principal of this vast endowment. The interest has met all requirements.

The location of the university is ideal. The Santa Clara valley is, in climate and natural beauty, one of the most attractive portions of California. It is protected from the fogs and winds of the coast, and yet is close enough to the sea to escape the summer heat of the interior. Over thirty thousand acres are included in the university estate.—Cecil Marrack, in Sunset Magazine, San Francisco, California, for December.

LOST HIS NERVE.

Why It Was That Big Pete Failed to Hit the Sheriff.

There were thirty men in the White Wolf saloon when the sheriff of Silver county sauntered in to arrest big Pete Thompson for murder. Pete was playing a hand in a game of poker, and after nodding to him the sheriff stood up at the bar and called for a drink. His back was scarcely turned when Pete laid down his cards, pulled his gun and fired six shots as fast as his finger could pull the trigger. The sheriff never moved. When the smoke had rolled out of the open door and we could see, the sheriff stood in the same position and wore the same smile. One bullet had burned his cheek; a second had grazed his ear; a third had cut through his shirt collar under the left ear. Big Pete was a dead shot, and yet he had missed his man at fifteen feet.

"Got through, Pete?" asked the sheriff, breaking a silence that was positively painful.

"And you—you are not healed?" gasped Pete as his arm sunk slowly down.

"No; come on."

"You didn't bring your guns?"

"No; if you are through shooting, we'll go."

Pete laid his two guns down on the table before him and walked to the door and out into the street. His horse was tied to a post a block away. He reached the horse, mounted and then headed down the long street after the sheriff, who was giving him not the slightest attention. In five minutes the pair were out of sight.

"What ailed Pete?" was asked of the barkeeper, who had come to the door of the saloon.

"Lost his nerve," he brusquely replied.

"How do you mean?"

"Why, the sheriff coming without a gun and standing there to be shot at took all his sand away and made a woman of him."

"Suppose the sheriff had had a gun?" The man jerked his head toward the field wherein fifteen or twenty victims had been buried and said:

"He'd 'a' bin over there."

"And will big Pete get clear?"

"Likely; but he'll have to leave here. The boys have already put him down as N. G."

The Irish Curse.

An Irish authority thus defines as an expert the effects of a well delivered curse: "The belief among the ancient Irish was that a curse once pronounced must fall in some direction. If it has been deserved by him on whom it is pronounced, it will fall on him sooner or later, but if it has not then it will return upon the person who pronounced it. They compare it to a wedge with which a woodman cleaves timber. If it has room to go, it will go and cleave the wood, but if it has not it will fly out and strike the woodman himself, who is driving it, between the eyes."

There are three altars inside the ashel at Inismurray, Ireland, built square of rough loose stones and having on the top of them a number of curious, round, smooth stones. These have been used for cursing by turning them, and the natives are very superstitious about them.

One mode of averting the curse was for the person against whom the stones were turned to have a grave dug, to cause himself to be laid in it and to have three shovelfuls of earth cast over him, the gravediggers at the same time reciting rhymes.

Father and Son.

What a father can do, if he will, is to make his own experience and knowledge an inseparable part of the intellectual and spiritual equipment of his son, but he can do this only when he cares so much about it as to make it a daily, hourly object of his life, says the Cosmopolitan. So many fathers shirk the undertaking; so many of them stand aloof and let the precious years go by, willing to give anything and everything except themselves. The first and great reward of course is the one that comes when he sees the boy upon the verge of manhood going out into the world to face the inevitable dangers which confront the novice, for the life of a man differs from the life of a woman in this respect—that at some time or other, sooner or later, the time must come when he shall stand alone, relying on his own strength to conquer if he be sound and brave, to fall if he be weak and cowardly.

A Story of Robespierre.

The story is told of Robespierre that at one time, when at the height of his power, a lady called upon him, beseeching him to spare her husband's life. He scornfully refused. As she turned away she happened to tread upon the paw of his pet dog. He turned upon her and asked, "Madam, have you no humanity?"

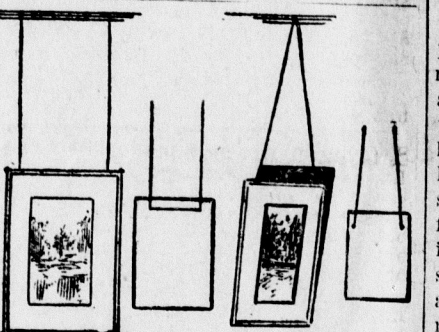
Women's Doings.

THE WIFE IN BUSINESS.

A MAN'S wife often knows more than he does about a great many things, and while he need not lower himself in her estimation by admitting her mental superiority, it is sometimes well for him to silently recognize her superior intelligence, and profit by it. If he is a wise man, he will not be too ready to come into accord with the opinions of his wife, but will affect a great deal of wisdom of his own, even though he knows he has none. It never increases a wife's respect for her husband to know that he is her inferior in anything, and it certainly does not increase her respect or affection to have him intimate by word or look that she does not know anything at all. The judgment of the average woman regarding the disbursement of money is often better than that of the average man, particularly when it comes to spending money for domestic purposes. It takes a shrewd tradesman to get over the average sensible woman, while the tradesman finds it easy to work off stale goods on the average man; and the most conceited man might as well acknowledge frankly that his wife can attend to most of the affairs of her own household better than he can attend to them for her. Women very often have the most acute perception regarding business affairs. If men would only "talk business" with their wives, instead of taking it for granted that women "don't understand anything about business," there would probably be fewer failures. Many a successful business man owes his success to the keenness of judgment of a partner whose name does not appear in the firm or over the shop window, and who is not supposed to have any connection with the business—and that partner is his wife, in whom he is wise enough to confide.—Housewife.

Hanging of Pictures.

To give the walls of a room a dignified and restful feeling, nothing must be placed upon them to disturb the vertical effect. A wall should remain a flat surface. The first illustration shows a picture hung with two hooks so that the wire forms vertical lines that harmonize with the lines of the frame. The picture being flat against the wall casts no unrestful shadows. The second illustration shows a very



HOW TO HANG PICTURES.

common but mistaken fashion of hanging pictures. Here the eye is distracted from the picture, which should be the center of interest. The oblique lines of the wire are obtrusive, and the ugly shadow usually cast by the overhanging frame is still more so. In fact, all the lines confuse the eye, so that a wall thus hung with pictures can never be beautiful or reasonable from an artistic standpoint.—Good Housekeeping.

Tranquillity.

Who does not love a tranquil heart, a sweet-tempered, balanced life? It does not matter whether it rains or shines, or what misfortunes come to those possessing these blessings, for they are always sweet, serene and calm.

That exquisite poise of character which we call serenity is the last lesson of culture, it is the flowering of life, the fruitage of the soul.

It is as precious as wisdom, more to be desired than gold—yes, than even fine gold. How contemptible mere money-wealth looks in comparison with a serene life—a life which dwells in the ocean of truth, beneath the waves, beyond the reach of tempests, in the eternal calm!

How many people we know who sour their lives, who ruin all that is sweet and beautiful by explosive tempers, who destroy their poise of character by bad blood! In fact, it is a question whether a great majority of people do not ruin their lives and mar their happiness by lack of self-control. How few people we meet in life who are well-balanced, who have that exquisite poise which is characteristic of the finished character!—November Success.

The New Woman.

Oh, "New Woman!" you who face the twentieth century with the secret, self-complacent reflection that you are the highest production of your sex, look back with honest impartiality to the woman of colonial days—and grow humble. You are priding yourself not a little because you are a graduate of Smith, of Wellesley, Vassar, or some other great college, that you can stir your clubs with scholarly theses or easy-flowing words, that you are proficient in domestic science, informed politically, that you are traveled; in short, are a brilliant, cultured, attractive woman, drilled to meet the taxing exigencies of modern life. Pardon me if I draw your attention to the fact that all your life-equipment may be acquired by any woman of

average endowments—opportunity permitting. Your real fiber has never been put to a straining test. Have you the vast courage required for pioneering? Could you lend your fine instincts to the cheerful making of candles, cheese and medicines? To washing and carding wool, spinning, weaving and knitting, to eternal mending, brewing and baking? Could you stifle your yearnings to quietude while you churned, wove clumsy carpets, and did a hundred other homely things? And if you bore the test, would you have spirit left for dancing minuets, for making yourself a charming, ever-hospitable hostess, for keeping in touch with the greater affairs about you, and finally for insuring to your children (as only a mother can insure) the gladness of childhood, spite of dangers, ever surrounding you?—Good Housekeeping.



Fashions change so rapidly that there are few homes where the remodeling of last season's gowns does not become a necessity, and the question to be considered is how it may be done in the most satisfactory manner. In some large places there are dressmakers who make a specialty of making dresses over, and derive a good income from it, but many women do their own sewing, which is a great saving, and with the aid of good patterns the results are very satisfactory.

If one wishes to accomplish a great deal of work in a short time, it is best to have a small room set apart for the sewing room. One cannot keep the sitting room neat if such work is done there, and this consideration, as well as the comfort of the family, will well repay the expense of heating a separate room. There should be a good machine, a cutting table, a large and well-fitted work-basket, and a set of drawers for keeping pieces of various materials left from dresses and other garments, spools of silk and cotton thread, unfinished sewing, etc. A wire skirt form is a great convenience, enabling one to see at a glance whether they are even all around or not. A woman with a room fitted with all the implements needed can accomplish almost twice as much as one whose tools are scattered.

When a dress is to be made over it should be ripped apart, every stitch picked out, and the cloth sponged and pressed before it is put together again. Black silk should be sponged thoroughly, then rolled smoothly on a rolling pin. The economical woman buys good material, then when it becomes faded or she grows tired of the color, one or two packages of dye will make it fresh and pretty again. Navy or indigo blue, seal brown, wine color or bottle green are handsome, while black is always a safe change. The brighter shades are often preferred for children.

The sewing should be done as carefully as if it were a new garment, for the little details make a great deal of difference in the appearance of a gown. The safest plan for an amateur is to cut the lining of the waist and fit it on the person for whom it is intended, before cutting the material. Get a good pattern if you do not cut by a chart, and follow the directions in the minutest details, and you can scarcely fail to obtain satisfactory results. The skirt is almost as important as the waist; the top is snug fitting, and the old-fashioned gores are easily shaped without pleating. Two old skirts may be used for one of the new ones with the circular flounce, by using one for the gores and the other for the flounce.

To Clean a Sewing Machine.

To clean a sewing machine place it near the fire to get warm, that the congealed oil about it may melt, and then oil it thoroughly with paraffin. Work it quickly for a few minutes, then wipe off all the paraffin and dirt, treat it to a little more clean paraffin, wipe it again, and after the application of a very little of the ordinary lubricating oil it will be ready for use. People often shirk the trouble of thoroughly cleaning their machines like this, but a clogged and "heavy" machine under this treatment will become like new, and its easy working will be an ample reward for any trouble incurred.

To Wash Stockings.

All kinds of stockings require careful washing. No soda should ever be used, and the water should be only moderately warm for both washing and rinsing. After rinsing, which should be done in water containing a few drops of liquid ammonia, dry them quickly out of doors in a good current of air and press with a warm iron when dry. Silk stockings require several rinsings, and after pressing (not wringing) the water out of them and pulling them in shape they should be shaken out well and rolled in a cloth to dry.

How the Flood Came.

The aboriginal blacks of Australia have a queer tradition about the flood. They say that at one time there was no water on the earth at all except in the body of an immense frog, where men and women could not get at it. There was a great council on the subject, and it was found out that if the frog could be made to laugh the waters would run out of his mouth and the drought be ended.

So several animals were made to dance and caper before the frog to induce him to laugh, but he did not even smile, and so the waters remained in his body. Then some one happened to think of the queer contortions into which the eel could twist itself, and it was straightway brought before the frog, and when the frog saw the wriggling he laughed so loud that the whole earth trembled, and the waters poured out of his mouth in a great flood, in which many people were drowned.

The black people were saved from drowning by the pelican. This thoughtful bird made a big canoe and went with it all among the islands that appeared here and there above the surface of the water and gathered in the black people and saved them.

He sits alone in a darkened room, alone in the fading light. Why are his brows so heavy with gloom and his cheeks so deadly white? But though his heart is faint with care, his courage never flinches. His eyes are fixed in a glassy stare. What is it his firm hand clinches? "A little courage," he murmurs. "Yes, a little, and all is won." A choking gurgle, more or less, a gasp and the deed is done! Without a shudder or eyelid wink—Ah! It makes the heart recoil that he so quietly, calmly drank a dose of castor oil.—London Tit-Bits.

Napoleon's Temper.

A story is told of a sudden rage into which Napoleon I. fell one day as he was at dinner. He had scarce partaken of a mouthful when apparently some inopportune thought or recollection stung his brain to madness, and, receding from the table without rising from his chair—his small stature permitted that—he uplifted his foot—dash went the table, crash went the dinner, and the emperor sprang up, intending to pace the room. Quick as a flash his waiter scratched a few magic symbols on a bit of paper, and the emperor's check had grown more than double. Napoleon appreciated the delicacy of his attendant and said, "Thank you, my dear Dumand," with one of his inimitable smiles. The hurricane had blown over.

The Paris Mousetrap.

Paris has been described as a gigantic mousetrap with three doors labeled, respectively, hotel, cafe and restaurant. The city has about 10,000 hotels. There are restaurants in every block, and you can find cafes at almost every step. At almost any restaurant you are sure of good cooking. You can eat well anywhere and at any price. There are scores of places where the meals cost as high as in the better restaurants of New York and hundreds where you can get a very fair dinner for 50 cents, or, if you would have wine, for 10 cents additional. There is one stock company which does an enormous business in supplying cheap and good food for Parisians. It was founded by a butcher who has his shops still in different parts of the city. This company has 100 or more restaurants where you can always be sure of good service and good food. You pay for what you eat and pay for everything, but the prices are low.

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OLD FAVORITES

Past and Present.

I remember, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon
Nor brought too long a day;
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow.

I remember, I remember
The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky;
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.
—Thomas Hood.

The Harp that Once Thro' Tara's Halls,
The harp that once thro' Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled,
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts that once beat high for praise
Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone that breaks at night
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only thrub she gives,
Is when some heart indignantly breaks,
To show that still she lives.
—Thomas Moore.

THRIFTY NEGRO FARMER.

Henry Jackson, a colored man of exceptional character, and the wealthiest member of his race in St. Louis County, has increased his real holdings recently to nearly 400 acres, by the purchase of a tract of land near Creve Coeur Lake, says a St. Louis paper. He owns other properties in the county and has money loaned out at interest. His wealth is estimated at \$50,000, all of which has been amassed since the civil war, and which consists principally of rich farming lands in the vicinity of the lakes. The nucleus of his fortune was furnished, however, from savings accumulated during bondage.

Before the war Jackson was the slave of Richard H. Stevens, owner of a plantation of 500 acres near Creve Coeur Lake. He was made foreman of the farm in 1862. As such he had supervision over about twenty-five men and women, and often had charge of as many as fifteen or twenty teams in hauling products of the farm to St. Louis to market. He was then a young man and was married to a woman belonging to John Stump, who lived six miles away. After the war broke out, Jackson went to Ohio, but while there wrote to his former master, Mr. Stevens, saying that his absence was necessary and that he would soon return.

Coming back after the war Jackson continued to work for Mr. Stevens during the day, and at night, by moonlight, he used to cut corn for the farmers in the neighborhood until midnight. In this way he saved considerable money. He now owns one tract of 160 acres and another of 170, besides the sixty acres which he has recently acquired.

One of his sons is a practicing physician in St. Louis; another is a professor in Lincoln Institute at Jefferson City, and still another is with him on the farm. Jackson was married a second time eight years ago to a Miss Belger, sister of Emanuel Belger, of Clayton. He is now 63 years old.

IN THE STATE OF GWALIOR.

Brilliant and Just Prince Who Rules Over It Is Modern Solomon.

If ever a prince combined great political power with great historical associations, a striking individuality with personal charm, it is the Maharajah Scindhia of Gwalior. The popular conception of an eastern potentate is that of an autocrat, stern and relentless in his wrath, magnificent and whimsical in his fits of generosity. But no eastern prince so little fulfills that conception as Maharajah Scindhia. Versatile in his accomplishments as a prince, many-sided in nature's gifts to him as a man, consistent and arduous in his earnest desire to seek the welfare of his people, he combines in himself the two ideals of a ruler, the eastern and the western. And, withal, such is the gracious and tender disposition of his heart that, even if he were not a prince, he would yet be great and noble as a man.

In Gwalior he has erected a magnificent hospital at his own expense, in which some 80,000 patients are treated annually, and so keen is the interest taken by his highness in its work that, notwithstanding his numerous other labors, he has yet found time to go through the regular course of a medical student.

Once in the course of his frequent rounds through the hospital, he heard that a coolie had fallen from a scaffold outside and broken his arm. Instead of summoning the house surgeon, his highness went out himself and set the limb and bound up the wound with the utmost care and tenderness.

His last public act in this connection is still fresh in English memory. Touched by the possibility of great suffering in an arduous campaign, he fitted out at his own expense a splendid hospital for the use of British troops in the recent China expedition.

Another conception of an eastern ruler is that of supreme judge, sitting upon his throne like Solomon, and giving daily justice. In this Maharajah Scindhia fulfills the eastern ideal, except that by a marvelous combination his justice also partakes of all that is best in western jurisprudence, for he is a diligent student of Austin and Bentham.

All these, says the London Express, though he be absolute monarch in a state as large as Scotland and Wales combined alike in extent and population. And by a strange coincidence, the kingdom of Gwalior is not unlike Scotland in its topography.

CAUGHT BULLET IN TEETH.

This Was No Juggler's Trick That Little Maine Girl Accomplished.

The State of Maine has presented a juvenile wonder of the world, whose performance is likely to down the luster which surrounds that of William Tell and his brave little son.

Rosa J. Starratt, a black-eyed daughter of Bath, has been literally shot into fame by catching a bullet in her teeth that was fired at her from a distance of less than two feet out of a 32-caliber revolver.

But it all happened and Rosa is alive to tell it, though it is an uncomfortably thrilling story to hear.

Rosa is 13 years old, and she assists her mother at light housekeeping when she is not at school.

The Starratts had two boarders, who moved to another part of the town recently.

Rosa and her 11-year-old brother, Royal, went into the room a few days ago and the boy noticed a revolver on the bureau.

Rosa picked up the weapon, saw that it was loaded, and replaced it, but the little brother took it and moved to the window to examine it.

As they stood, scarcely two feet apart, the boy pulled the trigger and the self-acting revolver was discharged.

The bullet entered the right side of the girl's mouth, cutting a furrow nearly an inch in length along the top of the lower lip and struck the eye tooth in the jaw.

The tooth was splintered into fine pieces, while the next tooth was removed as smoothly and artistically as it could have been pulled by the highest priced dentist.

Two more teeth were knocked from the jaw, but not completely severed, and there the bullet stopped.

For an instant neither child realized what had happened, and then, with a cry, the girl ran downstairs.

As she flew along she wrapped her face, which, from the blaze of the powder, seemed to her to be on fire, in the big apron she wore, and reached her mother, apparently dangerously wounded and completely disfigured for life.

A scar where the bullet entered her lip and the vacancy caused by the loss of the four teeth will remain as permanent reminders of an accident which could not be repeated without fatal results once in a million times.

The bullet is flattened to a ragged piece of metal, showing clearly the marks of the broken teeth.

But for the remarkable fact that it struck the jaw exactly in line with the row of teeth, says the Philadelphia Press, and proceeded along that line so accurately that it struck each succeeding tooth squarely, and so did not swerve to either side, it must have made a terrible wound.

For Night Readers.

Speaking of new things, there is a French bedstead which provides for the individual who reads after going to bed or during waking hours in the night.

There are single iron beds, and in the top of the rather high head is set an electric light. A reading desk is attached to a bar, which crosses the head of the bedstead and can be raised above it when not in use and lowered when required. There are disadvantages to this light, which must shine in the eyes as well as on the book or paper.

Better arrangements are made in some of our big hotels. There is arranged at one side of the bed an arm with an electric light attached which can be pulled over the bed at the will of the occupant, and is below the eyes, though quite high enough for the light to fall upon the book.

The top of the electric light globe is covered with a dark green shade, and none of the light can go up.

That Man Next Door.

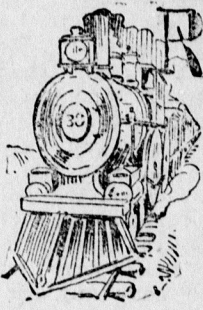
"A revolver?" repeated the clerk. "Yes, sir; six-shooter?"

"Oh, yes," replied the determined-looking man, "that'll do. If I can't hit him, or at least ruin his cornet, in six shots I'll give it up."—Catholic Standard and Times.

When a woman boasts that her husband never speaks a cross word, the other women present think to themselves, What a Patient man he must be!

When a woman gives a party, a man is expected to do his part by paying the bills and eating down town.

WONDERFUL PROGRESS OF RAILWAY CONSTRUCTION

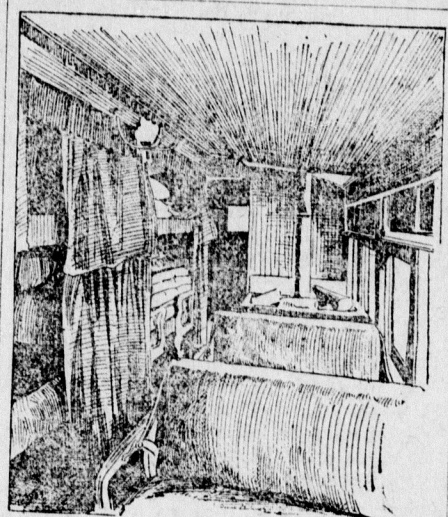


ROCKET, THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVE.

RAILWAY construction in the United States has made wonderful progress. We already have over 200,000 miles of track, and still the building goes on. It is only by comparing this mileage with that of some of the rest of the great countries that the American people can fully realize the tremendous development which has taken place in this field in their own land. Figures of railroad activities for the world at large are not very trustworthy, but taking those which are most recent and reliable, the United States is seen to be far ahead of any other country. Germany has about 32,000 miles of main track, Russia 29,000, France 27,000, Austria-Hungary 23,000, Great Britain and Ireland 22,000, while no other European country has as many as 10,000 miles. All of Europe has about 175,000 miles of road, or considerably less than the United States, while the entire world's mileage is approximately 500,000, of which the United States furnishes two-fifths.

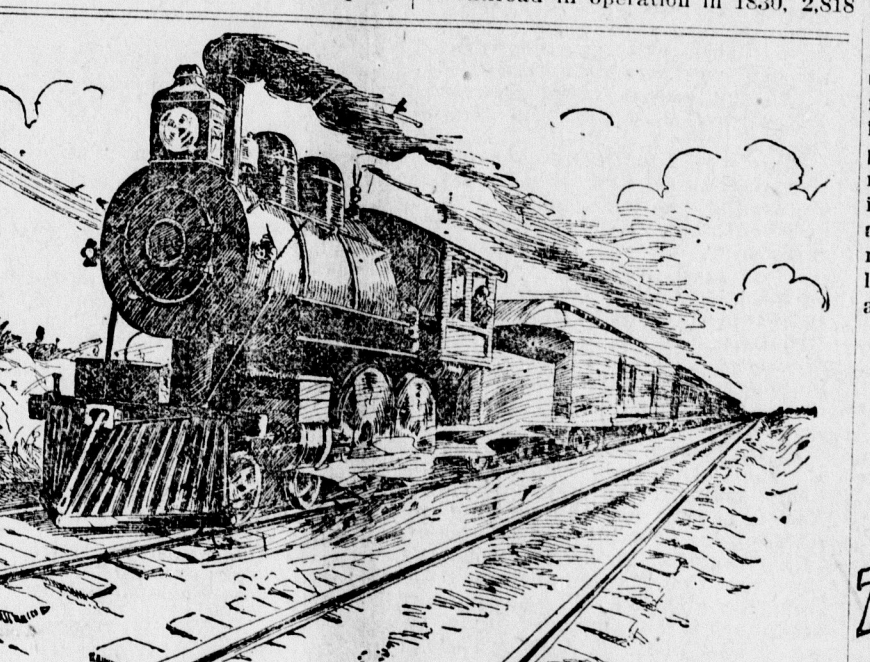
Yet there are persons still living who have seen all the vast railway system of the United States created. "I consider this among the most important acts of my life, second only to my signing the Declaration of Independence,"

all this railroad construction has come in about two generations of time. When John Stevens in 1822 got a charter from the Pennsylvania Legislature to build a railroad from Philadelphia to Columbia, on the Susquehanna (which was never built), somebody asked one of the Pennsylvania papers, "What is a railroad?" The editor gave



INTERIOR OF FIRST SLEEPING CAR.

it up, but said that "perhaps some other correspondent can tell." Evan Thomas, William C. Redfield, John Edgar Thompson and other railroad pioneers soon rendered this query obsolete. Yet there were only 23 miles of railroad in operation in 1830, 2,818



THE MODERN RAILWAY TRAIN.

ence, if even it be second to that." These were the words of Charles Carroll, the last survivor of the signers, after throwing up the first shovel full of earth at the beginning of the construction of the earliest of American railroads intended to carry passengers and freight. The railway was the Baltimore and Ohio. The date was July 4, 1828.

That was the beginning of the American railway system, which has immeasurably surpassed that of the whole of Europe in

1840, and 30,626 in 1890, on the eve of the Civil War, more than two-thirds of which was in the free States. By emancipating the country from its dependence on the water courses, the railroads built up the middle and prairie West, assisted in giving the loyal States the preponderance in resources which enabled them to save the Union in 1861-1865, planted vigorous and expanding communities on the Pacific coast, abolished savagery on an entire continent, and spread homes, schools, churches, and all the rest of the accompaniments of civilization from the Alleghenies to the margin of the great Western ocean. And yet it was only seventy-four years on the Fourth of July since work was started on the construction of the first of America's great roads; it is only fifty-one years since the waters of the west at Lake Erie were first reached by through rail from the Atlantic coast.



"ROCKET," THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVE.

Are These King Solomon's Mines?

The mines of Tarish, where King Solomon got his gold and silver and precious stones, were situated in what is now the southwestern part of Spain, according to Prof. Paul Haupt, of Johns Hopkins University, who has just returned from a tour of research abroad. There is no gold there now, nor precious stones with which to decorate temples, but Baron Rothschild is the present owner of King Solomon's mines, and he gets therefrom iron ore in profitable quantity.

Professor Haupt spent a good deal of his time abroad applying modern science to the interpretation of the Bible, and as a result has added a vast amount of data to his already abundant store. After discovering his own satisfaction, the mines of Tarish in Spain he delved around in the ancient workings and found specimens of cryolite of indescribable beauty. Putting two and two of known geological facts together, he believes that King Solomon perhaps used much of this cryolite to ornament the temples.



FIRST PASSENGER COACH.

to its Western terminus, Wheeling, on Jan. 1, 1853. Three months after this date by the consolidation of the little local roads into the New York Central, New York City got its second railroad connection with Western waters, the Erie giving it its first through line. Chicago was reached by a through line from the Atlantic in 1853, the Mississippi was struck at Rock Island in 1854 and at East St. Louis and Memphis in 1857, the Missouri was reached at St. Joseph in 1859, and the rails of the Central and Pacific met near Ogden, Utah, and the continent was spanned.

In Ancient England.

Newcastle-upon-Tyne has a very ancient custom. When the business of the assizes is ended the mayor makes a quaint speech to the judges of the northern circuit. He says:

"My lords, we have to congratulate you upon having completed your labors in this ancient town, and have also to inform you that you travel hence to Carlisle, through Border country, much and often infested by the Scots. We therefore present each of your lordships with a piece of money, to buy therewith a dagger to defend yourselves."

Then, as required by custom, he gives the senior judge a jacobus, and the junior judge a carolus. It costs no little sum to buy these old coins.—London Answers.

It requires a good-sized sinking fund to keep some corporations afloat.

NEW PAPAL DELEGATE

Mgr. Falconio, Who Will Represent Pope Leo at Washington.

The transfer of Mgr. Falconio, papal delegate to Canada, to Washington, as successor of Archbishop Martinelli, who has been raised to the cardinalate by the Pope, was recently officially announced.

Although quite a young man Mgr. Falconio's progress in the church has been very rapid. He was born in 1842 in Italy. He joined the Franciscan Order of Friars in 1860 and in 1865 was sent to the United States as a teacher of classics in Bonaventure College, Albany, N. Y. He was ordained



MGR. FALCONIO.

a priest in 1866. After several years' work in the college he was sent to assist the bishop of Harbour Grace, Newfoundland, and returned to New York in 1870. He shortly afterwards went to Italy and was appointed procurator general of the Franciscan order. In 1892 the Pope appointed him archbishop of Arezzo. As personal representative of the Pope at Washington Mgr. Falconio will have supreme authority in all ecclesiastical matters affecting the Catholic Church in America. He is eloquent, learned and distinguished in bearing and manner and is a fluent talker in several languages, speaking French, English and Italian with equal facility.

TALKS ON ADVERTISING

The consciousness of a well-written and well-placed advertisement makes one patient and confident in waiting for returns.

Put a proposition in your ad. The "nice doggie, come doggie" talk may fetch the dog, but a good meaty bone that looks like a bargain will do it much quicker.

In the last thirty years advertising has grown to be a great business. Thirty years ago great enterprises could be built up without advertising; that is impossible to-day.

Advertising is a necessity, not a luxury. Men have made great fortunes out of articles that were advertised without ever seeing a customer face to face. The advertising did it. Smart men know the value of advertising.

In almost every business there is one leader. Where is your place in line? Procrastination of advertising plans may be the thief of prosperity. The proper time to prepare an advertising campaign is now—be ready.

There is not a store or business advertisement of any kind about which an intelligent reporter could not write a readable article. The proprietor of an establishment can make his advertisement even more readable because he is more familiar with his business. People are naturally willing to read about articles which they use, and especially they welcome facts about the quality and value of such articles. The idea that people as a rule do not read newspaper advertisements is wrong.—Philadelphia Record.

Safest Place to Be Shot.

An Australian officer who saw the greater part of the war in South Africa has been telling a Melbourne interviewer that from his experience he thinks the head is the safest part in which to receive a bullet. "The head is the most protected part of the body. Out of scores of cases of wounds in the head that came under my notice, only one was fatal. In many of them the bullets glanced off the skull, merely inflicting scalp wounds."

A Strange Funeral.

In Sussex, England, a strange funeral has lately taken place. Mr. Loder, an inhabitant of Slaughtam, left directions that his coffin should be taken to the parish church in a simple farm wagon drawn by four farm horses. The wagon was draped with a purple pall and lined with evergreens. The bearers wore black smocks, now so rarely seen, even in the remotest parts of the country.

An Old Backslider.

Put some white sand on de flo'—
What dat fiddler gone?—
Said I wouldn't dance no mo',
But—winter comin' on!
—Atlanta Constitution.

Domestic economy note: It is imperative that parents give every child a bank that is an ingenious contrivance, in order that guests may be curious to see how it works.



Boston's electrical strike was settled by the Board of Arbitration.

The number of laborers required to cultivate the tea crop in India is 656,000.

New Orleans has in recent years become a well organized city, having more than 40,000 trade unionists.

Grave diggers at West Seneca, N. Y., have demanded an increase in wages from \$37.50 to \$40 a month and the elimination of Sunday funerals.

The Illinois State Board of Arbitration has had a busy time lately, having settled in the neighborhood of fifty strikes in Chicago and throughout the State during the past year.

At Canton, Ohio, an organization of the Women's Union Label League has been effected. The object is to have women pledge themselves to use nothing at home that does not bear the stamp of union labor.

The foes of child labor are again active in Chicago. They will urge upon the Legislature of Illinois at its next session the enactment of a law prohibiting the employment of children at night, and they favor the adoption of an educational test for children who are employed at any time.

The Secretary of the American Federation of Labor reports that the increase in membership during the last four months has exceeded 200,000. It has 900 volunteer organizers throughout the country and thirty salaried organizers. Affiliated national unions have a total of 240 paid organizers in the field.

The earnings of the United States Steel Corporation for the September quarter surpass those of the corresponding quarter of last year by about \$8,000,000, or 28 per cent. This is partly accounted for by higher prices. Prices of iron and steel products now range from 10 to 50 per cent above the prices of a year ago.

The Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor has revoked the charter of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, it having failed to comply with the decision in the controversy with the International Association of Machinists, the Brotherhood of Blacksmiths and the Patternmakers' League over trade jurisdiction.

FOG HORN TOO NEAR HOME.

Mistake Musical Bostonian Made When Building a Residence.

A citizen of Boston, well known for his devotion to the harmonies—he is a member of and performer in a number of the local musical clubs—made a sad mistake in the selection of the site for his summer cottage. He planned last spring to erect a pleasant home for the warm season on one of the beautiful islands off the southern coast of Massachusetts. The site selected commanded an unobstructed view of the ocean and the regular channel for shipping, and a pleasant grove offered the necessary shade. Nature and art had combined to make the spot an ideal one for the man of music. To add to the picturesque scenery a pretty white lighthouse stood on the hill above, not a hundred feet away, whence revolving flashes of light gave warning of a dangerous coast to vessels in the dark.

This was the site selected and a cozy little cottage was built by order of the music man. On the christening night a dense fog enshrouded the island. The occupants of the cottage had retired, slumber expectant, when a dull, boom, boom, boom, drove thoughts of sleep away and brought the scared would-be sleepers to the windows.

The first impression was that a vessel in distress was signaling for help, but investigation showed that the sound proceeded from an innocent-looking building on the lighthouse grounds, within 50 feet of the newly built cottage.

It was a huge steam fog horn, peeping above the roof, which had for years been sounding warnings, as an auxiliary to the lighthouse, but unknown to the Bostonian, who had unwittingly placed himself in the lion's mouth.

Report says that the music lover, who is not given to profanity, forebore to swear, but preserved a blasphemous silence and finished his broken rest by crawling into the woods, away from the dread sound, where he managed to shut out the din by wrapping blankets about his head. A sleeping bag is now a part of the cottage equipment and the name given the foghorn, "the conservatory symphony," promises to stick.

Proof of Love.

"Are the two girls fond of each other?"

"I should say so! Why, they'll actually walk on the same side of the street when one has on a bright blue and the other a bright green dress."—New York World.

Starving Himself to Death.

"Phatt seems to be losing flesh. What sort of flesh reducer is he taking?"

"I understand that he has joined an anti-tipping league."—New York Times.

We have noticed that after a man has become independently rich, he tries to make a reputation for himself by his philosophy.

Benevolent Associations

Of America Use Pe-ru-ua For All Catarrhal Diseases.



Mrs. Henrietta A. S. Marsh.
Woman's Benevolent Association of Chicago.

Mrs. Henrietta A. S. Marsh, President Woman's Benevolent Association, of 327 Jackson Park Terrace, Woodlawn, Chicago, Ill., says:

"I suffered with the grippe for seven weeks and nothing helped me until I tried Peruna. I felt at once that I had at last secured the right medicine and kept steadily improving. Within three weeks I was fully restored."—Henrietta A. S. Marsh.

Independent Order of Good Templars, of Washington.

Mrs. T. W. Collins, Treasurer I. O. G. T., of Everett, Wash., has used the great catarrhal tonic, Peruna, for an aggravated case of dyspepsia. She writes:

"After having a severe attack of la grippe, I also suffered with dyspepsia. After taking Peruna I could eat my regular meals with relish, my system was built up, my health returned, and I have remained in excellent strength and vigor now for over a year."—Mrs. T. W. Collins.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address: Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

Look out for your pennies and your dollars will need no watching.

Piso's Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all affections of the throat and lungs.—Wm. O. ENDSLEY, Vanburen, Ind., Feb. 10, 1900.

A good thing for all is a good home.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

A man generally reaches forty before he gets over the follies of youth.

Spruance, Stanley & Co., San Francisco, will supply you with Sun Flower Whiskey. Choice.

Be a lender if you must but never a borrower.

Did you take Gilt Edge Whiskey this morning? You would feel better throughout the day if you had. For sale by all first-class dealers. Wichman, Lutgen & Co., San Francisco, Cal., sole proprietors.

Beautiful homes are those filled with happiness.

TO CURE A COUGH IN ONE DAY Use Adams' Irish Moss Cough Balsam.

Prescribed by the best physicians for Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles. 25c, 50c. At all druggists.

The art of making money in this day is knowing how to advertise.

Down in the Dumps.

Sad, with a heavy, anxious feeling—the blues! The liver needs quick attention. Take Cascarella's Candy Cathartic at once! All Druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c.

Bad drainage about our homes causes many diseases.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE TRIAL BOTTLE and treatise. Dr. J. H. Kline, Ltd., 393 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Remember that a clean body is as important as clean clothing.

The best way to cure indigestion is to remove its cause. This is best done by the prompt use of Dr. August Koenig's Hamburg Drops, which regulate the stomach in an effectual manner.

The little schoolhouse is a torch of enlightenment blazing out upon the darkness of the world wherever one is built.

Long Hair

"About a year ago my hair was coming out very fast, so I bought a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor. It stopped the falling and made my hair grow very rapidly, until now it is 45 inches in length."—Mrs. A. Boydston, Atchison, Kans.

There's another hunger than that of the stomach. Hair hunger, for instance. Hungry hair needs food, needs hair vigor—Ayer's.

This is why we say that Ayer's Hair Vigor always restores color, and makes the hair grow long and heavy. \$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest express office. Address: J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

TRUMPET CALLS.

Ram's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unredeemed.



It is easy to leave our sins when we learn to loathe them. Where no love is lost none will be found. The true life will be a passion rather than a pastime. You cannot escape the cross if you serve the Christ.

A great work will lift you above little worries. God always fills the heart that will empty itself.

He who loves his work never worries over his reward.

The aroma of a flower does not depend on its size.

He who no longer knows sin no longer needs the Savior.

When our faith crowns Christ He will crown our faith.

There is a long step from "My Father" to "Our Father."

When one tries to polish God's perfect work he but pollutes it.

FORTUNES IN SAMPLES.

Amount of Money Distributed in This Way by Great Retail Stores.

Few people realize the extent of the sample department of the modern retail dry goods house. Fewer still realize that when a bolt of dress goods comes into the house and is unpacked, the first thing done with it is to snip off a full yard for samples. As much of this goods is 54 inches wide, the average of one yard to the bolt is low, as is the price, fixed at 75 cents. A writer in the Chicago Tribune makes the following estimates as to the cost of samples given away in that city:

Ten big retail dry goods houses in downtown Chicago send out every year 220,000 yards of woolen dress goods, representing a retail price of 75 cents a yard, and only that an individual customer may satisfy herself as to what is being worn, or, in one case out of five, that she may order a dress pattern from one of these samples.

Eighty thousand yards of silk are cut into minute triangles, squares and parallelograms, meaning a retail loss of \$80,000 a year to these ten stores. And on top of this, nearly every line of goods in a house suffers from the shears of the sample-cutting department, aggregating in these ten stores more than \$150,000 a year.

In one of the largest retail stores in Chicago the time for the sample craze sets in about the middle of February for summer goods, and about the first of September for winter goods. At such times 600 letters a day is a fair average. In this house the silks, laces and finer goods generally are cut at the several retail counters, and cut only on order. For this purpose sample blanks are sent down to the salesman, and if other samples are asked from the sample-cutting room, they are "assembled" from pigeonhole boxes and mailed as soon as the list is complete.

"No one not in the business knows just how hard it is to meet some of these requests," said the manager of one of the large departments for sample cutting. "It would take an expert mind-reader, working in conjunction with the owner of the mind, to find it out with any certainty. There is nothing carried in stock in this house that we are not asked to cut samples from. Calls for carpet samples are frequent, and many times a large piece has to be cut from the roll in order to give any idea of the pattern."

"Looking at the seeming waste of cloth, it seems to be almost too heavy to be considered, but every year the territory of the mail-order business is enlarging, until it has become one of the great factors in the trade of every big retail house. Considered as an established department that must be kept up, the sample-cutting rooms are important as advertising centers. Sending a bunch of new goods patterns to the ordinary country town, we might estimate, that at least half a dozen families will see it; and even if our retail trade through mail orders is not stimulated, we may suppose that many a country merchant is reminded of our jobbing department by these students of samples."

A True Story.

Robbie—Mamma, do you like stories? His Mother—I like true ones, my child.

Robbie—Shall I tell you a true one? His Mother—Yes.

Robbie—But you might not like it. His Mother—Oh, yes, I should if you told it.

Robbie—But it is quite short. Well, once upon a time there was a water bottle.

His Mother—Yes; go on.

Robbie—And yesterday I broke it; but I'll never—oh!—do it again.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Candid.

Borrowings—I'm in hard luck, and I've come to you for the loan of a ten-spot until—

Markley—But I hardly know you.

Borrowings—Yes, that's the reason I thought you might lend it to me.—Philadelphia Press.

Knew Where It Hit Him.

Why?—What denomination is your church?

Browne—Well, I don't know for sure, but they charge \$500 a year for a pew on the center aisle.—Somerville Journal.

Cats and some voters spend a good deal of time on the fence.

ST. JACOBS OIL

POSITIVELY CURES

Rheumatism
Neuralgia
Backache
Headache
Footache
All Bodily Aches
AND

CONQUERS PAIN.

Difficulties of Our Language.

A Frenchman came to England to learn English, and the following sentence was given him:

"The rough cough and hicough plough me through." The teacher told him the first word was pronounced ruff. He thereupon said this: "The ruff cuff and hicuff pluff me thruff."

"No, no, the second word is pronounced 'koff'."

"Then," said the Frenchman, "it must be the ruff cuff and hicuff pluff me thruff."

The third, fourth and fifth words were explained with the same result, which the reader may repeat for himself.—London Express.

Painful Case.

Mrs. Rubba—How's Mrs. Chatter this morning, doctor?

Doctor—Suffering terribly.

Mrs. Rubba—What, with only a slight throat affection?

Doctor—Yes, but she can't speak.—Chicago News.

Damascus is undoubtedly the oldest existing city in the world. Benares and Constantinople, exclusive of Chinese towns, come next in point of age.

REAL ESTATE INSURANCE

For \$14.15

A month you can buy 10 Acres of the richest land in California, with nice neighbors, near depot, in the matchless Santa Clara Valley. The most remarkable legitimate offer ever made in California. Don't let it slip by. Save a little and invest it right. Catalogue Free.

WOOSTER, WHITMAN & MONTGOMERY
634 MARKET STREET
San Francisco

LOANS RENTS

The Stingiest Man.

"I think the most penurious man I ever knew," remarked the man in the mackintosh, "was old Hewlugs. He smoked his cigars to the last half inch, chewed the stumps and used the ashes for snuff. But he wasn't satisfied even then and gave up the habit."

"What for?" asked the man with the big Adam's apple.

"He couldn't think of any way to utilize the smoke."—Chicago Tribune.

Bad Spelling.

One of the causes to which the prevalence of bad spelling among the rising generation is attributed is the fact that the modern Roman method of pronouncing Latin gives no indication of the pronunciation of the English derivatives and so no cue to their spelling, as the English sound of Latin words did when it was used.

BISHOP'S JAMS ARE PURE

Fifteen years of successful experience in preserving fruits guarantees the goodness of every package.

\$1,000 In Cash Guarantees the Purity

If you want the best, ask your grocer for Bishop's Jellies, Jams and Preserves.

BISHOP & CO.

Makers of the largest variety of food products made by any one concern in the United States

425-427 Battery St., San Francisco



Topics Times

Sixteen thousand emigrants have left Norway this year, chiefly for North America. Last year's total was 11,000.

The oldest licensed village alehouse in England is said to be the George Inn, in North St. Philip. The license dates from 1507.

Mother—Willie, I hope you never do anything so wicked as to tie tin cans to dogs' tails. Willie—No'm. I never do nothin' but hold the dog.

Baron Henri de Rothschild, who is a distinguished physician and specialist in infantile diseases, not only drives motor cars, but manufactures them.

David Crosby Foster, president of the Poughkeepsie Savings Bank, is believed to be the oldest bank president in the country, being 93 years old.

The cheapest postal service in the world is that of Japan, where for two sen—about seven-tenths of a penny—letters are conveyed all over the empire.

When free from ice the Yukon River is navigable for large steamers 1,965 miles, a distance more than twice as great as that from Chicago to New Orleans.

An unfortunate brickmaker at Honan, China, has been fined 20,000 bricks for a misdeed. The alternative was to be beaten and handed over to a mandarin.

The Jews of Palestine are entirely descended from Jews who returned to that land from Europe. Most of them speak a corrupt form of the German language.

Captain McKenzie, of the whaling bark Platina, recently captured a pure white whale, the first he has seen in the twenty-five years that he has followed the sea.

Several St. Petersburg merchants are organizing a private expedition for the exploration of Northern Siberia, with a view to ascertaining its commercial resources and possibilities.

Lord Alverstone, the lord chief justice of England, is president of a madrigal society, and often goes straight from the law courts to its monthly meetings, where he sings his part with the greatest enjoyment.

The white-marked tussock moth is a native of North America. It ranges the territory east of the Rocky Mountains and attacks almost every variety of shade, fruit and ornamental trees, with the exception of the conifers.

The French colonies on the west coast of Africa are increasing in importance every year and are receiving zealous attention from the French government. The United States exported to these colonies in 1900 \$657,200 worth and received therefrom products to the value of \$601,165.

New York has 1,323 fewer stables and 8,660 fewer horses than in December, 1896. The decrease is attributed to the disappearance of horse cars on surface lines. Expert observers think that the automobile, at the present rate of improvement, will banish the horse from business traffic within four or five years.

Novel first-aid-to-the-injured boxes are to be scattered in the streets of Paris. Outwardly the apparatus resembles a lamp-post letter box, and it contains a small medicine chest, a folding stretcher and a telephone for signaling the nearest ambulance station. Access to the box is gained by breaking a glass panel.

The popular vote in Mississippi has decided that the portraits of the following ten prominent citizens of the State shall be placed on the walls of the new capitol: Jefferson Davis, J. Q. C. Lamar, E. C. Walthall, James George, S. S. Prentiss, J. M. Stone, George Poindexter, William Sharkey, George Foote and J. L. Power.

The regulation of automobile speeds is likely to prove an increasingly serious matter. In a late instance careful measurement for two furlongs showed a speed of eighteen miles an hour, yet the driver testified that he was not exceeding a rate of six miles. Perhaps some inventor may supply police authorities with a cheap continuous speed recorder whose attachment to motor vehicles may be made compulsory.

As an instance of the observance of the Sabbath in Scotland, an English paper tells of a postman having a route between Stirling and Blair Drummond. He was observed to ride a bicycle over his six miles on week days and to walk the same distance on Sunday, and when asked why, replied that he was not allowed to use the machine on Sunday. An investigation followed, and the postman's explanation proved to be correct.

The most curious part of an advertisement now running in some of the English papers of a wonderful charm "worn by Pharaoh 4,000 years ago," and guaranteed to "bring success in business, fortune in speculation and happiness in home life, health, strength and vigor," and for sale by the advertiser, is a report, incorporated in the advertisement, from St. Chad Boscawen, of the British Museum, certifying that the article submitted to him is often found on Egyptian mummies, and "its magical use is undoubted."

Two of a Kind.

Gyer—Bald heads remind me of kind words.

Myer—What's the answer?

Gyer—They can never dye.

Never judge a woman's cooking by the apologies she makes for it.

Chronic Sores Eating Ulcers, A Constant Drain Upon the System

And a source of worry, anxiety and endless trouble to those who are afflicted with them, particularly so when located upon the lower extremities where the circulation is weak and sluggish. A gangrenous eating ulcer upon the leg is a frightful sight, and as the poison burrows deeper and deeper into the tissue beneath and the sore continues to spread, one can almost see the flesh melting away and feel the strength going out with the sickening discharges. Great running sores and deep offensive ulcers often develop from a simple boil, swollen gland, bruise or pimple and are a threatening danger always, because while all such sores are not cancerous, a great many are, and this should make you suspicious of all chronic slow-healing ulcers and sores, particularly if cancer runs in your family. Face sores are common and cause the greatest annoyance because they are so persistent and unsightly and detract from one's appearance.

Middle aged and old people and those whose blood is contaminated and tainted with the germs and poison of malaria or some previous sickness, or excessive use of mercury, are the chief sufferers from chronic sores and ulcers. While the blood remains in this unhealthy, polluted condition healing is simply impossible and the sore will continue to grow and spread in spite of washes and salves or any superficial or surface treatment, for the sore is but the outward sign of some constitutional disorder, a bad condition of the blood and system, which local remedies cannot cure.

S. S. S. reaches these old chronic sores through the blood. It goes to the very root of the trouble and counteracts and removes from the blood all the impurities and poisons, and gradually builds up the entire system and strengthens the sluggish circulation, and when the blood has been purified and the system purged of all morbid, unhealthy matter the healing process begins, and the eating ulcer or chronic sore is soon entirely gone.

S. S. S. contains no mineral or poisonous drugs of any description, but is guaranteed a purely vegetable remedy, a blood purifier and tonic combined and a safe and permanent cure for chronic sores and ulcers. If you have a slow-healing sore of any kind, large or small, write us about it, and our physicians will advise you without charge. Book on Blood and Skin Diseases free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

900 DROPS

CASTORIA

A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of

INFANTS & CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Recipe of Old Dr. SAMUEL PITCHER

Pumpkin Seed—
Aloes—
Rhubarb—
Sulphur—
Ginger—
Peppermint—
Castor Oil—
Syrup—
Flavor—

A Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Facsimile Signature of
Dr. H. H. Pitcher
NEW YORK.

At 6 months old
35 DROPS—35 CENTS

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature

of

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

WITH NERVES UNSTRUNG AND HEADS THAT ACHE

WISE WOMEN BROMO-SELTZER TAKE

TRIAL BOTTLE 10 CENTS.

YOU'LL BE SORRY WHEN IT RAINS IF YOU DON'T HAVE THE GENUINE TOWER'S FISH BRAND OILED CLOTHING TO KEEP YOU DRY.

MADE FOR WET WORK

SOLD BY ALL RELIABLE DEALERS AND BACKED BY OUR GUARANTEE.

A. J. TOWER CO., BOSTON, MASS.

It is said if an Indian woman can wear an elk-tooth dress and an antelope-skin robe she gets so proud that she will speak to but few of her tribe. Other women of her tribe follow her about and gaze at her in great admiration.

Adsum—What class of literature are you reading, my son?
His Son—Bout a man and woman 'at got married and were happy ever after.
Adsum—Ah, fiction.

Stop It

The KEELEY treatment permanently cures all liquor and drug addictions. Endorsed by U. S. Government. Printed matter free.

THE KEELEY INSTITUTE
470 Market Street, Donohoe Building
SAN FRANCISCO

S. F. N. P. U. No. 51, 1902.

When Writing to Advertisers Please Mention This Paper.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup, Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Asthma, Hay Fever, Etc.
25 CENTS

TO MANUFACTURERS

Who desire a location combining every feature conducive to prosperity, sufficiently near to San Francisco to enjoy all the privileges of a site in the metropolis, and yet sufficiently remote to escape the heavy taxation and other burdens incident to the city.
Where a ship canal enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.
Where large ferry boats enter the large ferry slip now in use, and land passengers, freight and whole trains of cars.
Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.
Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.
Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.
Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.
Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and Seven Miles of Water Front on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad
Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.
If you desire such a location come and see what we have in South San Francisco, San Mateo County.
For further information call or address

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.
202 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly **FIFTEEN HUNDRED PEOPLE**.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workingmen may secure land at reasonable prices, and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

Detail information cheerfully furnished. Address

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.

202 SANSOME STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

WESTERN MEAT COMPANY

BEEF AND PORK PACKERS

—AND SLAUGHTERERS OF—

CATTLE, SHEEP, HOGS AND CALVES.

:::

—PACKERS OF THE—

GOLDEN GATE —AND— MONARCH BRANDS

HAMS, BACON, LARD AND CANNED MEATS.

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PACKING HOUSE AND STOCK YARDS LOCATED AT

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO,

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Consignments of Stock Solicited.

WESTERN MEAT COMPANY.